National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

A BISHOP BASTED.

From Harper's Weekly.

SOMEBODY has written a brief and capital satire upon Bishop Hopkins's Letter defending slavery upon Bible grounds. By substituting the word Polygamy for Slavery, the exact value of the Bishop's argument is exposed. For if slavery be a good thing because Jewish patriarchs had slaves, polygamy is equally lovely because they had harems. And if slavery be tolerable because Christ did not verbally condemn it, polygamy must be desirable because he did not even allude to it at all.

In fact, what is called the Bible argument deserves only such treatment as the ridicule, the contempt, and the sarcasm which are so delicately dealt it by this little squib. If we are to excuse our sins by those of the Jewish patriarchs, and if the whole spirit and tendency of Christ's teaching are to go for naught because he did not chance to specify some offence, there is no absurdity that may not be defended, and no crime that may not be justified.

The slave party treats the Bible exactly as it does the Constitution. The whole meaning and scope are ignored, in order to make a fight upon a doubtful word or phrase. Does Bishop Hopkins seriously wish to see in the United States the polity and civilization of the ancient tribes in Judea? Does he propose, since he gives his right hand to Calhoun, to insist upon Brigham Young's taking his left? Solomon was called the wisest of men. Does the Bishop think it logically follows that a man grows in wisdom as he increases his harem, and that perfect wisdom requires a man to have, like Solomon, seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?

It is just as logical to say that as to say that a man may rightfully buy and sell human beings, and tear children from parents, and wives from husbands, and scourge them to work without wages, and deny them all mental light, and doom them to abject submission to a despotic will, because the old Jews held slaves. Nor can we see the force of the argument which commends slavery to a Christian because Abraham held slaves, and Christ had none. To say that he did not forbid it is to quibble, because verbably he condemned very few sins. Did he condemn burning a neighbor's barn? No: no more than he condemned enslaving him. But he bade us love our neighbor as ourselves; and he told us that all men were our neighbors.

The Bishop of Vermont announces a book in which he proposes to establish the right of slavery from the Bible. Let him be entreated. He is judged in advance. The Eastern criminal did not know until he moved that his head had been sliced off, so smoothly had the sharp sword cut it. Does the good Bishop not know that he has been taken upon a toasting-fork and scorched at the fire of common-sense?

[We annex the letter above referred to, from the Burlington (Vt.) *Times*.—ED. STANDARD.]

BIBLE VIEW OF POLYGAMY.

To the Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR: I venture to dedicate to you these few pages, which derive their inspiration from your writings. An admirer, like yourself, of the institutions of old, I should hardly have dared to declare these truths to a perverse and self-glorifying generation, had I not been emboldened by the example of one who so worthily wears the highest honors of the Church. In constructing my argument, therefore, as I have done, with paragraph after paragraph of your very words, it has been because I felt it necessary to shield myself behind your authority from the charge which ignorant presumption might else have brought, of irreverently travestying the Word of God. A race which can stigmatize as "twin relics of barbarism" two institutions such as slavery and polygamy, which are divinely sanctioned if not divinely ordained, is capable of any act of irreligious fanaticism. The Utah expedition failed to accomplish the destruction of the one; let us hope that the present abolition war may prove equally unsuccessful as to the other. To aid in the good work, then, let us bend our united energies to the task of forcing the light of truth through the accumulated darkness of our so-called modern civilization, in the hope that the time is not far distant when every citizen may have as many slaves as Abraham, and as many wives as Solomon.

Trusting that you will accept my cooperation in the spirit in which it is tendered, I beg leave to subscribe myself Your humble admirer, MIZPAH.

Polygamy may be defined as the union for life of a man with two or more women. And this kind of union appears to have existed as an established institution in all the ages of our world, by the universal evidence of all history, whether sacred or profane.

This understood, I shall not oppose the prevalent idea that polygamy is an evil in itself. A *physical* evil it may be; but this does not satisfy the judgment of its more zealous adversaries, since they contend that it is a *moral* evil—a positive *sin* in a man to be married simultaneously to more than one woman.

Here, therefore, lies the true aspect of the controversy. And it is evident that it can only be settled by the Bible. For every Christian is bound to assent to the rule of the inspired Apostle, that "sin is the transgression of the law," namely, the law laid down in the Scriptures by the authority of God—the supreme "Lawgiver who is able to save and to destroy." From his Word there can be no appeal. No rebellion can be so atrocious in his sight as that which dares to rise against his government. No blasphemy can be more unpardonable than that which imputes sin or moral evil to the decrees of the eternal Judge, who is alone perfect in wisdom, in knowledge and in love.

If it were a matter to be determined by my personal sympathies, I should be as ready as any man to condemn the institution of polygamy, for all my prejudices of education, habit, and social position stand opposed to it. But as a Christian, I am solemnly warned not to be "wise in my own conceit," and not "to lean to my own understanding." As a Christian, I am compelled to submit my weak and erring intellect to the authority of the Almighty. For then only can I be safe in my conclusions, when I know that they are in accordance with the will of Him, before whose tribunal I must render a strict account at the last great day.

I proceed, accordingly, to the evidence of the sacred Scriptures, which, long ago, produced complete conviction in my own mind, and must, as I regard it, be equally conclusive to every candid and sincere inquirer.

The first appearance of polygamy in the Bible is in the case of Lamech, fifth in descent from Cain, whose two wives, Adah and Zillah (*Gen.* iv. 19–23), are mentioned by the inspired writer without any expression of reprobation, or any allusion to the transaction being unusual or irregular. Introduced thus early, it may be regarded as among the primal principles of human society, though our knowledge of antediluvian times is too scant to enable us rightly to determine its extension and prevalence. It is probable, however, that the great duration of existence might well render men cautious how they bound themselves for life to more than one partner whom incompatibility of temper might render distasteful after a few centuries.

For several generations after the Deluge, population was not sufficiently dense to render polygamy frequent. Accordingly the first who revived the time-honored custom appears to have been Esau, as might have been expected from his vigorous nature and ardent character. He seems to have contented himself with three wives, Judith, Bashemath and Mahalath. (*Gen.* xxvi. 34; xxviii. 9; xxxvi. 2, 3.)

If the descendants of Cain and Esau, however, be regarded as somewhat questionable sponsors for the custom, all doubt as to its righteousness is removed by the example of the patriarch Jacob, the blessed of Heaven. His union with Leah and Rachel is well known, as well as the amiable zeal with which his wives supplied him with supplementary consorts in the persons of their handmaidens, Bilah and Zilpah (*Gen.* xxix. xxx.); while the blessings subsequently promised to him and to his posterity show that his plurality of wives was sanctioned in the highest and most direct manner.

Polygamy being thus divinely approved, it became a recognized part of the domestic economy of the chosen people, as we learn from the direct rule established by the wisdom of God for Israel, on the very point in question.

"If a man have two wives, one beloved, and another hated, and they have borne him children, both the beloved and the hated; and if the first-born son be hers that was hated;

"Then shall it be when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he shall not make the son of the beloved first-born before the son of the hated, which is indeed the first-born."—*Deut.* xxi. 15–17.

With this law before his eyes, what Christian can believe that the Almighty attached immorality or sin to the condition of polygamy, especially when one may look in vain through the Mosaic regulations of marriage (*Levit.* xviii.) for any limitation on the number of wives?

The blessing vouchsafed to those who took to themselves numerous consorts, and the lofty positions to which they arose show that in the eyes of God and man they were pure from sin and worthy of all honor.

It is recorded of two judges of Israel, Ibzan and Abdon, that the one had thirty sons and thirty daughters, while the other had forty sons, showing conclusively that their gynecea were abundantly peopled. (*Judges* xii. 9, 13.) That the Prophet Samuel—the asked of God—sprang from a father, Elkanah the Levite, who had two wives (I. *Samuel* i.), is sufficient proof to those who impiously use the word bigamist as a term of contumely and reproach.

David, the man after God's own heart, before he was thirty-seven years of age, had taken to wife Michal, Ahinoam, Abigail, Maacah, Haggith, Abital, and Eglah (II. *Samuel* iii.); while he was living with them all, God prospered him and made him king over Israel and Judah, and the prophet Nathan announced to him the favor of the Lord, to him and his generation. Even his indiscretion in adding Bathsheba to the list was readily pardoned, and the Union was blessed in the birth of Solomon.

Solomon, wisest of men, "had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines." (I. *Kings* xi. 3.) In this he sacrificed himself to the vindication of the great principle of polygamy, for the tempter easily found admittance among such a multitude and seduced him to follow strange gods—a warning to us all to be moderate, even in what is right.

Such, then, is the institution of polygamy, laid down by the Lord God of Israel for his chosen people, and continued for fifteen centuries, until the new dispensation of the Gospel. What change did this produce? I grant, of course, that we, as Christians, are bound by the precept and example of the Savior and his apostles. Let us now, therefore, proceed to the all-important inquiry, whether we are authorized by these to presume that the Mosaic system was done away.

First, then, we ask what the divine Redeemer said in reference to polygamy. And the answer is perfectly undeniable: HE DID NOT ALLUDE TO IT AT ALL. Not one word upon the subject is recorded by any of the four Evangelists who gave His life and doctrines to the world, even when He repealed the Mosaic law of divorce. (*Matt.* xix., *Mark* x.) Yet polygamy was in full existence at the time throughout Judea, and among the scattered Jews for centuries later, as we learn from Justin Martyr. (*Dial. cum Tryphone adv. Judæos*) and Theophylact (*Comment. in I. Epist. ad Timoth*). Even as late as 393, Theodosius the Great, in his ignorant zeal, endeavored to put an end to it, by a law which was continued in force by Justinian in the sixth century. (*Const.* 7 *Cod. Lib.* I. *Tit.* ix.) How prosperous would be the present and how glorious the future of Utah, if the eloquent and pertinacious declaimers against polygamy had been willing to follow their Saviour's example!

But did not our Lord substantially repeal the old law by the mere fact that he established a new dispensation? Certainly not, unless they were incompatible. And, that he did not consider them incompatible is clearly proved by his own express declaration. "Think not," saith he, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." (*Mat.* v. 17.) On that point, therefore, this single passage is perfectly conclusive.

But the precepts and the conduct of St. Paul himself, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, are all-sufficient, because he meets the very point, and settles the whole question. Not only do his admonitions concerning marriage (I. *Corinth.* vii.) contain no prohibition of polygamy, but in his directions concerning the choice of bishops, priests and deacons (I. *Tim.* iii. 2–12; *Tit.* i. 6,) he specially requires them to be men of one wife, thus tacitly, but fully, allowing a plurality of consorts to the laity of the faithful.

The evidence of the New Testament is thus complete, plainly proving that the institution of polygamy was not abolished by the Gospel. Compare now the course of the ultra reformer with that of Christ and his inspired apostle. The divine Redeemer openly rebukes the sanctimonious Pharisees. He spares not the infidel Sadducees. He denounces the hypocritical Scribes. He calls the royal Herod "that fox." He censures severely the Jewish practice of divorcing their wives for the slightest cause. He makes a scourge of small cords and drives the buyers and sellers out of the temple. Yet he lived in the midst of polygamy, maintained in accordance with the Mosaic law, and uttered no one word against it! What proof can be stronger than this, that he did not regard it as a sin or a moral evil? And what contrast can be more manifest than this example of Christ on the one hand, and the loud and bitter denunciations of our anti-polygamy preachers and politicians, *calling themselves Christians*, on the other? For they not only set themselves against the Word of God in this matter, but—strange to say—they do it in the very name of that Savior whose whole line of conduct was the very opposite of their own!

Yet I do not mean to charge the numerous and respectable friends of this popular delusion with a wilful or conscious opposition to the truth. They are seduced, doubtless, in the great majority of cases, by the feelings of a false philanthropy, which palliates, if it does not excuse, their dangerous error. Living far away from Utah, with no practical experience of the institution, and accustomed from childhood to attach an inordinate value to the individuality of the domestic relation, they are naturally disposed to compassionate the Utah wives, and to believe that they must be supremely wretched in their subdivision of a husband's affection. They are under no special inducement to "search the Scriptures" on this particular subject, nor are they in general, I am sorry to say, accustomed to study the Bible half as much as they read the newspaper, the novel, and the magazine.

Thus the mistaken bigotry of the community, acting through the time-serving pliancy of politicians, has disfigured our statute-books with laws which place a ban upon this patriarchal institution. Noble Christian souls in our midst, yearning to revert to the hallowed rites of old, are obliged to practice them covertly, and under the opprobrious name of bigamists are tracked and persecuted as felons, martyred like the primitive Christians under Decius and Diocletian. When some, bolder than the rest, founded on the banks of the Mississippi a community, which they fondly hoped by its happiness and purity might convert a stiff-necked generation, they were driven from their homes by an uncontrolled fanaticism. When, after sufferings unspeakable, these martyrs of Scriptural faith at length found a refuge in the far distant desert, and their posterity testified to their righteousness, still the persecutor was upon their heels, and the whole nation, as Mr. Floyd's acceptances will testify, poured forth its money like water for the pitiful pleasure of reforming their domestic observances.

Shall we boast that we are wiser, purer, better, than the men who walked with God? Is it not time that we should confess our worldly wisdom to be ignorance, and lean with simple faith on the law that is written? Let the infidel and Abolitionist prate of purity and domesticity; but let us imitate the noble example of our Southern brethren, who are ready to sacrifice all that the world holds dear in defence of patriarchial institutions. Returning to the principles ordained and sanctioned in the Book of books, we may hope to see arise amongst us new Jacobs and Samuels, Davids and Solomons.

VALUE OF SLAVES IN MARYLAND.—Everything goes up now-a-days, but negro property, which runs down as fast as gold runs up at Richmond. The following sarcastic advertisement, which we find in a Maryland county paper, though smacking of sour grapes, tells a fearful tale of depreciation:

"One dollar is a reward suitable to offer for a lot of negroes, who ran off on Sunday, at 4 o'clock p. m. Henry, an old black witch of seventy-five or eighty. Sukey, a cripple, who can move only with a stick, aged seventy. Sidney, a helpless boy of three. Elsie, a woman of twenty-six with an infant; and Dick, an 'intelligent contraband,' fourteen years of age. Information of the above may be addressed to the subscriber."

Only one dollar for six slaves—four of them worth, in former times, not less than two thousand five hundred! This is what secession has brought upon the slaveholders of Maryland. We believe that they will be better off for the loss, but they do not; and they must thank their Southern friends for the good or ill of losing their slaves. It was not the election of Mr. Lincoln, but the attempt to resist that election by rebellion and war, which destroyed slavery. After that election, and before the rebellion broke out, the above described slaves would have sold at high prices.—*Washington Chronicle.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

AND, first, as to its consequences. In the history of the African race these can never be forgotten. Since the first authorization of the slave trade nothing so terrible had fallen upon this unhappy people, whether we contemplate its cruelty to individuals or the wide-spread proscription which it launched against all who were "guilty of a skin not colored as our own."

It is sad to know of suffering anywhere, even by a single lowly person. But our feelings are enhanced when individual sorrows are multiplied and the blow descends upon a whole race. History, too, takes up the grief. The Jews expelled from Spain by merciless decrees; the Huguenots driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes; our own Puritan fathers compelled to exile for religious freedom; all these receive a gushing sympathy, and we detest the tyrants. These were persecutions for religion in days of religious bigotry and darkness. But an American Congress, in this age of Christian light, not in the fanaticism of religion, but in the fanaticism of slavery, did an act which can find companionship only with the enormities of the past. The Fugitive Slave act carried distress and terror to every person of African blood in the free States. All were fluttered, as the arbitrary edict commenced its swoop over the land. The very rumor that a slave-hunter was in town so shook the nerves of a sensitive freeman, on whom was the ban of color, that he died. To large numbers this act was a decree of instantaneous expulsion from the Republic, under the penalties of slavery to them and their heirs forever. Stung with despair, as many as 6,000 Christian men and women, meritorious persons—a larger band than that of the escaping Puritans—precipitately fled from homes which they had established, opportunities of usefulness which they had found, and the regard of fellow-citizens, until at last, in an unwelcome Northern climate, beneath the British flag, with glad voices of freedom on their lips, though with the yearnings of exile in their hearts, they were happy in swelling the chant, "God save the Queen."

But such an injustice cannot be restrained in its influence. Wherever it shows itself it is an extension of slavery with all the wrong, violence, and brutality which are the natural outgrowth of slavery. The free States became little better than a huge outlying plantation, quivering under the lash of the overseer; or, rather, they were a diversified hunting-ground for the flying bondman, resounding always with the "halloo" of the huntsman. There seemed to be no rest. The chase was hardly finished at Boston, before it broke out at Philadelphia, Syracuse, or Buffalo, and then again raged furiously over the prairies of the West. Not a case occurred which did not shock the conscience of the country, and sting it with anger. The records of the time attest the accuracy of this statement. Perhaps there is no instance in history where human passion showed itself in grander forms of expression, or where eloquence lent all her gifts more completely to the demands of liberty, than the speech of an eminent character now dead and buried in a foreign land, denouncing the capture of Thomas Sims, at Boston, and invoking the judgment of God and man upon the agents in this wickedness. That great effort cannot be forgotten in the history of humanity. But every case pleaded with an eloquence of its own, until at last one of those tragedies occurred which darken the heavens and cry out with a voice that will be heard. It was the voice of a mother standing over her murdered child. Margaret Garner had escaped from slavery with three children, but she was overtaken at Cincinnati. Unwilling to see her offspring returned to the shambles of the South, this unhappy person, described in the testimony as "a womanly, amiable, affectionate mother," determined to save them in the only way within her power. With a butcher-knife, coolly and deliberately, she took the life of one of the children, described as "almost white, and a little girl of rare beauty," and attempted, without success, to take the life of the other two. To the preacher who interrogated her, she exclaimed: "The child was my own, given me of God to do the best a mother could in its behalf. I have done the best I could; I would have done more and better for the rest; I knew it was better for them to go home to God than back to slavery." But she was restrained in her purpose. The Fugitive Slave act triumphed, and after the determination of sundry questions of jurisdiction, this devoted historic mother, with the two children that remained to her, and the dead body of the little one just emancipated, was escorted by a national guard of armed men to the doom of slavery. But her case did not end with this revolting sacrifice. So long as the human heart is moved by human suffering, the story of this mother will be read with alternate anger and grief, while it is studied as a perpetual witness to the slaveholding tyranny which then ruled the Republic with execrable exactions, destined at last to break out in war, as the sacrifice of Virginia by her father is a perpetual witness to the decemviral tyranny which ruled Rome.—*From Mr. Sumner's Report to the Senate.*

THE ARGUELLES CASE.

From The N. Y. Times.

THE Copperhead press, true to their instincts, have done their best to make party capital from the arrest of Arguelles in this City, and his deportation to Cuba to take his trial as a slave-trader. Their point is, that there is no extradition treaty between the United States and Spain, and that, therefore, the giving up of Arguelles was neither necessary nor legal. They are perfectly welcome to this issue with the Administration, and we hope they will continue to press it with all their natural virulence.

There is no extradition treaty between the United States and Spain, nor, in a case like this, need there be. The crime charged is slave-trading, which, by the law of nations, as well as our own laws, is *piracy*. A pirate, in the view of universal law, is the enemy of the human race: and the human race, without regard to national distinctions, are everywhere interested in cutting short his career and bringing him to punishment. The United States and Great Britain are specially obligated to do so, because in the memorable Ashburton Treaty they covenanted with each other to maintain squadrons on the coast of Africa—by subsequent treaty, on the coast of Cuba likewise—to enforce the suppression of the slave trade, and also to urge upon all nations "the propriety and *duty*" of closing all markets for the sale of slaves. Remonstrances have accordingly been made with Spain in past years against the facilities for landing slaves in Cuba, the chief slave market. These remonstrances until lately have had little effect, inasmuch as Spain has derived her revenue largely from Cuba, and, though she had prohibited the slave trade, willingly connived at the actions of every Captain-General who, for his own private interests, forbore to carry out effectively the laws against the traffic. The present Captain-General, Dulce, is unlike his predecessors, and is, in good faith, laboring to enforce these laws. He has been so successful that last year he diminished the number of imported slaves about four thousand. He desires the coöperation of our government in his work, and has asked it to surrender for trial in Havana this Arguelles, who, he shows by conclusive evidence, sold one hundred and forty-one of one thousand African negroes, landed in the neighborhood of Cardenas, last November, and who directly afterward sought refuge in New York. The President, after examining the case, caused Arguelles to be arrested and sent to Havana, where he will doubtless be convicted and sentenced to the chain-gang, which he deserves. The crime of Arguelles is the more heinous, because he perpetrated it as a public official, ostensibly opposed to the slave trade. The care of the thousand Africans had been committted to him; he returned the one hundred and forty-one as dead, who, it has since been discovered, did not die, but had been sold by him for his own profit. These hundred and forty-one are still in bondage, but the facts which will be judicially established on Arguelles's trial will identify them and secure their liberation.

Thus stands the case. The Copperheads are in a rage because one of the most unmitigated scoundrels on the face of the earth is to be arraigned before a legal tribunal, thereby securing his punishment, and redress to his victims. They do not pretend that Arguelles can be tried in New York, for not only are all witnesses absent, but the offence was committed in a foreign jurisdiction. What they claim is simply that he should have been left untried and untouched; in other words, that American soil should be a sanctuary for all pirates who commit their deeds within limits to which our ordinary extradition regulations have not yet been made to extend by regular treaty.

What opinion must these Copperheads have of the moral sense of the American people, in supposing that political capital can be made of this prompt action of the President in giving up this infernal villain to a legal tribunal? In no executive act has Abraham Lincoln been more clear in his high office; and in none may he more confidently count upon the unqualified approval of all true-hearted men. Our national ægis was never designed to shield pirates. To make any such claim for it is to insult the American name. It is an insult that could come only from the same spirit which would lower the flag of the nation before rebels.

A CONSERVATIVE TALKING RADICALISM.

[Bishop Mc Ilvaine of Ohio was chosen to preside at the late Anniversary of that long-time pro-slavery association, the American Tract Society in New York. In the course of his introductory address he said:]

IN looking back over the year that has passed since we came together at the last anniversary, among the many things that would claim our attention if we had time to advert to them, there is one that we can hardly sit here and look upon without speaking of, and this with wonder and with praise. Coming as I do from the borders of the land where refugees and freedmen, liberated men, are collected from every quarter, you will not be surprised if a particular view should be uppermost in my thoughts. I have been looking with amazement from month to month to God's wonderful hand—his wonderful dealings, notwithstanding all our past unworthiness and blindness, ignorance and unbelief—wonderful dealings with that which has so long been the curse, and has always been the source of contention in our land—the slavery of the land; that God is so far ahead of all our expectations and all our faith, as to bring about the results of the present day.

We have reason to believe that the great blow has been struck, and that the head, the life of human slavery in the land has been killed. Just as the malefactor on the cross was killed, though he still had life enough to upbraid his Lord, he was judicially dead; he was smitten unto death; death was coming on rapidly through all his members; but yet there was vitality in a measure left; so slavery is dead. It is the observation of God's hand in bringing about this, that gives us not the least of our encouragement and our confidence with regard to what is yet to be in relation to the success of the whole struggle. When the children of Israel came to the Red Sea, Pharaoh behind with his hosts, and the flood before them, no doubt there were multitudes ready to say, "Our deliverance is forever brought to nought." But no doubt there were many more who said, "He that sent the plagues of Egypt, and thus far has so wonderfully delivered us out of the hand of the enemy, he will not desert us here." And so over that sea they went, and through that wilderness they went in safety. So when we see what has been done up to the present time simply by God's hand, without the anticipation of man—an instrument beyond all the wisdom of man at work in our progress thus far, we cannot doubt that God, who has been thus far with us, "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," will still go before us, and all will be well, dark as it may now seem; the "land of promise" and deliverance from bondage will finally be attained.

And part of this confidence arises out of this particular view, that as God maketh the *wrath* of man to praise him, so God makes the *wickedness* of man to praise him, and makes use of the wickedness of man to be his own instrument in accomplishing His great purposes.

Now just as so large a part of the aspects of God's providence in delivering the children of Israel out of Egypt resulted out of the fact that Pharaoh's heart was hardened, so the special manifestation of God's hand in the present aspect of these affairs is precisely that the heart of the oppressor was hardened, and was hardened up to the point of concerting the strongest and the darkest and the most confident of all measures for the riveting of the chains of the oppressed. God has made use of that very hardening of the heart—that very determination to strike deeper the fetters of slavery and to make more secure its bonds—he has made this very hardness of the heart his own instrument for the deliverance of the oppressed. They invented a hammer, the special object of which was to rivet those bonds and seal them forever; that very hammer has broken them in pieces; they invented a key, the special object of which was to shut up the door of the prison-house, that it should never be opened; and that very key is used to open the very door. And here we stand to see a deliverance beyond all the calculations of men. And for myself, dearly as I love all the other aspects of our country's cause, for all this connected with the oppressed, I do praise and bless the grace and mercy of a covenant God.

And now, brethren, since we have been led thus far, let us have courage to be consistent with what we rejoice in. Let us face the whole proper result of the providence we have been contemplating. Let the enfranchisement of our colored brethren be a complete enfranchisement. Let it not stop in the removal of the shackles, till all are taken away. If the colored man is fit to be a soldier in the full pay and uniform of our citizen armies, standing at least upon an equality of danger and trial with the white man, in defence of our government and its blessings, he is fit to be a citizen under our government in full liberty and privilege. We must boldly face and honestly accept that result. With me it requires no effort. God is leading us to it. All consistency requires it. Our past history is full of inconsistency in this direction. We have never come up to the logical requirements of our Declaration of Independence. God be praised that he is making straight our way. What I said at the beginning, I here repeat, that in these remarks I do not speak officially, though occupying an official chair. I speak only for myself. Others will agree with me as they see fit.

WHY A SOUTHERN BORN MAN IS ANTI-SLAVERY.

THERE was an immense Union war meeting at Bryan Hall, Chicago, lately, at which Gov. Yates, of Illinois, was the principal speaker. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I am anti-slavery, not because I was born in New England and have my prejudices against the Southern people, but because I was born in the South; there centre all the memories of my youth, there is the home of my kindred, and I believe that the warm genial pulsations of humanity flow in as deep a current through Southern veins as in any people beneath the sun—but slavery has been the canker of the South to eat out both its substance and its manhood, and to subject it to a boastful, insulting, arrogant aristocracy, which, from the habit of tyrannizing over the poor slave, has become too pampered and arrogant to submit to the rightful authority of good government and laws. Slavery not only oppressed the African race, sundering husband from wife and father from son, exacting service without remuneration, but degraded the poor white man, deprived him of his rights, reduced the wages of his labor, divided the land into large plantations, so that the white population was sparse and schools few and remote. It stood as a perpetual living wall, a black and ghastly spectre to roll back the tide of emigration which was pouring from Europe and New England, and which sought the prairies and woods of the Northwest, and which, under the genius and life-giving energy of free labor and free institutions, has marched forward with stalwart giant tread to wealth and power, while the South, with its fertile soil and genial sky has drooped and withered beneath the curse of slavery.

"It is for the South, as well as for the welfare of the country, that I wish to see slavery extinguished. Small farms, free labor, free schools, a free press and open Bibles, free institutions will make the South bloom and blossom as the rose (loud cheers). Whenever self-poised and conscious of her moral status and power—when every man can lift up to God unfettered limbs and soul—then the South will start with a bound; emigration, and genius, and art, and enterprise will seek her sunny hills and vales; and these shall be the Lookout Mountains upon her deliverance and a race of unending progress to wealth, power and renown (lengthened applause).

EMANCIPATION IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW ORLEANS, May 12.

YESTERDAY will be forever memorable in the history of Louisiana. *Slavery was then forever abolished in this State.* The Convention which has, for weeks past, been going on quietly, almost unnoticed in the face of the gigantic movements pending in the East, came at last to a crisis in their resolutions, and the last few days have really been of absorbing interest. You will see by the full details in our local papers, that the Copperhead element made a last desperate struggle in this new palladium of liberty, and tried to get up all sorts of subterfuges, winking at the retention of the old state of things. But it was all useless; they might as well have attempted to prevent the earth from turning on its axis. The Convention passed, by a vote of 70 to 16, the following provisions, which are now the fundamental law of the State:

SEC. 1. *Slavery and involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted, are hereby forever abolished and prohibited throughout the State.*

SEC. 2. *The Legislature shall make no law recognising the right of property in man.*

Some effort was made by the Copperheads to disfranchise the colored man forever; but this was also stoutly resisted, and finally overpowered. The Convention came to the wise conclusion that if matters had not yet arrived at such a crisis as would enable them to act with justice, they would at least have no clogs or impediments in the future wheels of progress. Content with having struck off the fetters of millions of bondmen, they leave their true and just status to be henceforth decided by time, justice and the march of events. A national salute was fired at noon, on the levee, to commemorate this important event, and few, perhaps, who listened to those salvos fully realized how the sound of them would reverberate to the remotest corners of the civilized world. It is an astounding thing to be writing you from New Orleans: NO SLAVE WILL EVER AGAIN TREAD THE SOIL OF LOUISIANA! NEMO.

The New Orleans *True Delta* reports as follows the proceedings in the State Convention, preliminary to the adoption of the clause in the Constitution abolishing slavery:

On motion of Mr. Henderson, the rules were then suspended to pass the report of the Committee on Emancipation to its third reading.

The previous question was then called and all debate cut off.

The Secretary commenced calling the yeas and nays on the adoption of the two first sections of the Emancipation Act, which provide that "slavery and involuntary servitude, except for crime after due conviction, be and are hereby forever abolished in Louisiana; and, second, that the Legislature is forever prohibited from passing any law recognizing *property in man.*"

Mr. Abell wished to explain his vote, but as he was branching off into a speech he was called to order by the President, who said his remarks were insulting to the house, and he then voted "no!" in a very loud and energetic voice.

Mr. Campbell voted no! no! no! in a thundering tone of voice, adding: "In the name of the wronged people of Louisiana, I vote no!"

Mr. Edwards said: "In the name of the people of Louisiana and freedom, I say yes!"

Mr. Thomas—I have long been in favor of immediate emancipation. When this Convention was called I went before my constituents and told them my sentiments. They elected me by a large majority, and that I may neither violate my own conscience or the pledge I made to my constituents, unlike some others in this body, *I vote yes!*

Mr. Wells—For the good of the white as well as the black races, and for the honor of the flag, I vote yes!

Mr. Montamat explained that he had opposed it on the ground of compensation not being granted, but would vote yes.

On motion, the rules were suspended to allow the President to vote.

President—I vote yes with all my soul.

The following was the result then announced by the Secretary: Yeas, 72; Nays, 15.

In announcing the vote, the President said, "The first and second section of the report having passed their third reading and been adopted, are now a part and parcel of the law of the land."

The announcement was received with great applause and loud cheers.

The House then, on motion, adjourned, and three cheers were given for the Free State of Louisiana.

The Delta, of April 13, reports the proceedings of April 12:

The Convention was called to order by Judge Durell at 12 precisely. The roll was called, but as a sufficient number did not answer, the Sergeant-at-Arms was directed to procure the attendance of absent members. After a short recess a quorum was obtained, and the Secretary read the journal of the previous day.

Mr. Bofill asked permission to change his vote on the emancipation question. Permission being granted, he voted "yes." Mr. Sullivan also asked to change his vote, and he voted "yes." Mr. Campbell said if the vote had been taken separately on the two sections, he would have voted "yes" on the second section.

When Mr. Cazabat, of Rapides, was called to vote upon the Emancipation Act, he rose and said:

Mr. President, we have witnessed in this very hall, and upon this very floor, the dying struggles and the agonizing convulsions of slavery; but, thank God! the sacred cause of eternal truth and justice and human freedom has prevailed. Louisiana stands now forever *free and redeemed* by the voice of her people—by the voice of her noble and worthy sons, such as young Wells, of Rapides, Taliaferro, of Catahoula, and Edwards, of Avoyelles. Immortal trio! Heaven bless them! Mr. President, my views in regard to the provisos and amendments offered by the opposition have been duly and fully expressed by my friend, Mr. Fosdick, of New Orleans. I stand, Mr. President, and members of this Convention, upon the platform of immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. And now, in performance of my duty to my God, to my country and to my fellow-men, I cast and record my vote—"yes!"

Mr. Ennis voted "yes."

A PLEASING INCIDENT IN THE CONVENTION.

From The New Orleans Delta of the 12th.

One of the most pleasing incidents in the Convention yesterday was the defining of their position by young Thos. M. Wells and Robert W. Taliaferro. Mr. Wells, as is well known, is a young, dashing and chivalrous—yes, chivalrous—Louisianian; born and bred in Rapides parish; is the son of the Lieutenant-Governor, and belongs to the grandest family of the State. The Wells family, previous to this war, was not only the most noted, but the most wealthy in Louisiana. It owned more negroes and race-horses—Lecompte and Lexington, for instance—and raised more cotton, and were the greatest old line Whigs that we ever had among us, and we have known some of them well. Since the war broke out they have been noted for their [illegible] and have stood [illegible] by it up to the present time, suffering loss of negroes, cotton, and all else save honor. But a few days since Dick Taylor burned 2,500 bales belonging to Mr. Wells's father. But enough of historical reminiscences with regard to a family so well known, and whose name is so dear to every loyal Louisianian. Yesterday, young Thomas M. Wells rose in the Convention and defined his position. All were attentive, for a representative from the country, having a greater interest in the question—of negro emancipation—than any man in the city of New Orleans, was about to speak, and all eyes were turned to the speaker, who, though young in years, was old in experience. He said he was no speaker, but he had been called upon by his friends from the country to give his opinions; he would briefly state that he was in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and that, further, he was in favor of educating the negro, because he thought education would make him more useful. This was the substance of his remarks, and they were received as coming from an oracle. It was the testimony of a house owning hundreds of slaves against the institution. Young Wells was followed by the younger Taliaferro. This is a name well known in this State. The old man venerable, his father, a native of South Carolina, published a weekly paper in the parish of Catahoula, if we recollect aright, and at the time of the election for delegates to the Secession Convention, he was elected on the coöperation ticket. When the ordinance, which took Louisiana out of the Union, at Baton Rouge, was on its third reading—we all remember well—the old man rose, with his flowing white locks, and commenced reading his protest—amid the noise and confusion that prevailed and the efforts that were made to drown his voice as he calmly and quietly read it through, and demanded that it should be spread upon the minutes—how he then turned upon that mad, wild body of fanatical men, and like Cassandra at Troy, prophesied all the woes and ills that have befallen Louisiana, by the introduction of that wooden horse within its walls—the ordinance of secession. How true a prophet he was—how well he could foretell the future, we all know, and to our sorrow—and while we regret the rash act, we honor the aged seer. It was his son that yesterday rose in the Convention, and said: "I am in favor of immediate emancipation, and of the education of the negro. I was born in the interior of Louisiana, and was never beyond the boundary of the State. I am with Mr. Wells." Comment is unnecessary. Let them be recorded.

LIFE IN THE "VIRTUALLY DEAD."

THE following case, now engaging the attention of a court in Tennessee, will show to those who are over-sanguine about the matter, that they can afford to omit no proper legislation which shall definitely set this question at rest. We quote from the Nashville *Union* for March 24:

"A case of much interest was brought before Squire Robinson yesterday morning; it was a suit instituted by Mr. Henry Driver against McClay & Co., for the recovery of twenty-five dollars, the amount of one month's wages due from the above firm to Mr. Driver, for the services of Albert, a negro man owned by plaintiff and employed by defendants. The negro had left his master, and was employed by defendant without Mr. Driver's consent; and further, Mr. Driver had notified McClay & Co. that he would hold them responsible for the value of the negro's services. Judgment for plaintiff for the full amount claimed."

Now, slavery is said to be "virtually dead" in Tennessee; a negro who does not choose to remain with his master goes about his business and earns a living for himself; and we have been told by former slave-owners that the most of their class were glad to be rid of the expense and care of the blacks. Yet the moment one of these poor fellows engages in any industry, the master comes down upon his employer and sues him for wages. The result will be that no one will dare to employ a negro, and the whole black population of the State will be forced into pauperism.

But it is not only the blacks who will suffer from this state of things. Under such a system the whole industry of the State will languish; though in order to bring back prosperity to her borders, peaceful and lawful industry must be encouraged by every means. *The Union* says:

"There is no doubt but the controversy involved in the above case will absorb the attention of the people to a great extent this Summer, and perhaps longer; *and the result will be paralyzing to the interests of the State of Tennessee.* Men disposed to hire negroes will not do so, for fear they will be compelled to remunerate the master as well as slave; and *the latter will not work for any one without pay.*"

HONORING THE FATHERS.

IN the debate in the Senate on the Sherman amendment to Mr. Sumner's bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, which is to reënact that of 1793, Mr. Foster showed a respect for the fathers that would be called remarkable filial veneration even in a Chinese. He believed the law of 1850 a most iniquitous one, but he was willing to vote to reënact one having all the iniquitous features of this, because Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth were, in 1793, in favor of the rendition of fugitive slaves. He read extracts from the records of the Congress of 1793 to show this, although he could not show the recorded vote of either in favor of the law; and he inquired with most filial force:

"Shall we, after seventy years have passed, deny to these men that intelligence which we claim to possess? Who are we in this day to say that wisdom has come to us unknown to our fathers? Who of us in this Senate are willing to institute a comparison between ourselves and the men of 1793? He for one would shrink from a comparison with such men as Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth, and their compeers."

Yet Mr. Foster declared a bill containing features no more iniquitous than the one these fathers enacted, an iniquitous thing. Is that the way to honor the fathers?

We suppose many of the fathers did consent to a bill for the rendition of the fugitive slaves. We suppose that if they were living now they would not do it again. Mr. Foster proposes to bury the experiences of the living in the graves of the departed. And yet he assumes a moral progress which pronounces such an act as theirs an iniquitous thing. His moral progress had better go back to the point of sanctioning the righteousness of their acts, or else his acts had better catch up with his morals.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

*WELD'S BIBLE ARGUMENT.**

THE first thought naturally excited by reading the title of this pamphlet, with no author's name, was the strangeness of the fact that a Presbyterian Board had advanced so far as to make open proclamation that the Bible is opposed to slavery; the second was to wonder whether this Board (like the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1818, and many subsequent ones), had contrived to unite the theoretical condemnation with the practical toleration of slavery; and the third was, that a careful examination might be necessary (as in the 1818 document) to separate the wheat from the chaff.

The last two ideas, however, were immediately dispelled by a glance at the first two lines of the work. It was plain that this treatise was our old friend, familiar through almost our whole experience of the Anti-Slavery struggle, written by Theodore D. Weld, and originally published in "The Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine" for April, 1837, under the title—"Is Slavery from Above or from Beneath?" Copies of two previous editions of it, worn by much lending, now lie before us. One of them we lent, shortly after its publication, to an eminently pious and (church-)case-hardened Northern-born slaveholder from Baton Rouge. He afterwards returned to the North, but keeps his Southern faith, and has always considered Anti-Slavery to be synonymous with Infidelity. In other cases, where the loan of the book fell on good ground, it took root and brought forth good fruit.

This little work, written and published in 1837, contains, as far as the Old Testament is concerned, the substance of an argument elaborated by Dr. Cheever twenty-three years after, in a volume called—"The Scriptures on the Guilt of Slavery." Both are excellent. Both are needed. But the briefer one, now republished, does the work as thoroughly and convincingly as need be. No candid reader can resist the evidence it brings. Its publication now by the Presbyterian Board will introduce it to a new set of readers, and a class who have heretofore been wofully in the dark respecting slavery, led astray by the vicious practice of Southern Presbyterians, and the false doctrine of the whole Presbyterian Church, South and North, Old School and New School. Any advance made by them in regard to condemnation of slavery is plainly due to an impulse from without rather than from within. It is a special effort to avoid being left behind by "the world," the "unregenerate" mass of the community.

The Church could have abolished slavery (or made very large progress towards abolishing it) in any one year of the last quarter-century. It did not choose to work in that direction. It did choose to hinder the actual workers therein, and to publish many apologies for slaveholding. A year and a half ago the President of the United States, not a church-member, and not pretending any impulse but that of military necessity, abolished slavery over three-quarters of the country. Since that time, our armies, not very devout or exemplary bodies, have been gradually grinding the remainder of the system to powder. Now that the peculiar institution seems thoroughly doomed to destruction, publishing Boards and Tract Societies are hurrying in the record of their testimony against it. After its burial has been [illegible] the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will add their voice to the general chorus, and say "Amen, Hallelujah!" in a tone intended to convey the impression that they never held the opposite position.—C. K. W.—*Liberator.*

* THE BIBLE AGAINST SLAVERY: or, an Inquiry into the Genius of the Mosaic System, and the Teachings of the Old Testament on the Subject of Human Rights.—United Presbyterian Board of Publication. Pittsburg, 1864.—pp. 154. Price 25 cents.

MERE POLICY BAD POLICY.

From The Massachusetts Spy.

FREQUENTLY, during the present Congress, questions confessedly right in themselves have been delayed or defeated for assumed reasons of policy. Mr. Fessenden set the example, comparatively early in the session, by opposing the payment of colored troops on equal terms. There were enough to follow his example to delay this act of manifest justice till Saturday last. Mr. Sherman stood in the way of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act of 1793, not because he believed in it, but through fear of the border States. Mr. Trumbull, when it was proposed to enfranchise "male citizens of the United States and those who had declared their intentions to become such," in the new Territory of Montana, made the cowardly objection that if we went into the Presidential election without discriminating against colored citizens in such cases, and were opposed by Gen. McClellan as a war candidate, we should be overwhelmingly beaten! This was from Mr. Trumbull. Later still, Mr. Doolittle, upon the same question, protested that unless suffrage were limited to *white* male citizens it would embitter the approaching Presidential controversy, and somehow hinder the vigorous prosecution of the war!

These are among the more recent expressions of conservative policy by influential Senators, who are friendly to the government. While on other questions they recognize some accepted principles, and aim to square their action by the rule and line of severe statesmanship, in regard to this one they are satisfied to rest their cause on the shifting sands of a low public policy. The war has not done much after all, when men like these fail to see the unspeakable moral cowardice of shrinking from measures which their own convictions approve, through deference to a kind of public opinion wrong in itself, and utterly powerless when it is not upheld by influences precisely like these. The old prejudice that sprung from slavery and the

degradation of the enslaved race lingers in the tone and habit of our reluctant legislation, like the influence of the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe. It is the false policy of the past, grounded upon fear, struggling to hold its place against the true policy of the present and future, grounded upon justice and the rights of men.

"It is with the greatest difficulty," said Edmund Burke, "that I attempt to separate policy from justice. Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society—and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all." Was ever a concession made to slavery that did not utterly fail? Under every flag of truce slavery made a new disposition of its forces and advanced to a fresh assault. It was successful in every assault but the last one. We retired and compromised step by step, and called that statesmanship. It was suicide. The rebellion ended it. Why attempt to revive it? Slavery itself is sinking with the general wreck. Why keep alive the prejudices which were a part of it? Wherever the army has gone slavery has withered like a scroll—except in Louisiana where Gen. Banks is trying experiments, to make it "die of a rose in aromatic pain." Why patronize and prolong that hatred of race, from which it derived no small part of its power? It is worse than no policy. It is bad policy, and nothing but wrong and evil will come of it

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE.

In our last number we alluded to Mr. Phillips's resolution offered to the New England Convention, but not discussed or acted upon, touching the question whether Abolitionists who have taken the ground held by the American Anti-Slavery Society can consistently vote at the coming election, or not? As this resolution was suggested by a passage in a leader of The Standard and was virtually a censure of it, it is proper that we refer to it again. Not that we consider ourselves as obnoxious to any blame for the expression of our opinion as to what the course of certain persons would probably be, without any indication of our ideas as to whether that course would be right or wrong. And, very possibly, there was no intention of imputing blame in the premises, but merely the opportunity taken to express Mr. Phillips's dissent from the views which should lead to action at the polls on the part of the Old School Abolitionists. This subject is one eminently proper to be discussed in the columns of this paper, and we hope that it will be thoroughly treated of on both sides. The Society having taken its ground as to this matter long ago, and not having changed it since the recent mutations in our public affairs, it would not become The Standard, as its organ, to controvert that position. There can be no impropriety, however, in our stating the arguments, as we understand them, which induce those who think that the constitutional obstacles between themselves and the ballot-box are at least for the present distress sufficiently put out of the way, to make it possible for them honorably to assist in the next election. We wish it to be understood that we express no editorial opinion on either side of the question, at this time.

It is not an argument in favor of the general intelligence of the general public that the position of the American Society as to voting should be so hard to understand. For nothing can be simpler. At almost every meeting we hold, worthy persons present themselves to express their dissent from us on the question of fighting—as to which we have never expressed any opinion at all—and on that of declining to vote as a means of hastening the Abolition of Slavery. Such strictures would have less the air of impertinence if the true state of the case was understood and they were directed at its real merits. The Anti-Slavery Societies have never taken any ground against war, civil or foreign. As far as we know anything about it, their members hold all sorts of opinions on that subject, but in general not differing from the majority of mankind. They only pledge themselves not to countenance slave-insurrection, not on abstract peace principles, as we understand it, but as a measure of wise expediency. And they did not take up their position as to refraining from voting under the Constitution, because they thought voting wrong in itself, or because they considered that their refusal would promote Abolition. Not at all. They could not take the oath to support the Constitution merely because they did not mean to support it, as to the slave clauses. And what they could not honorably do themselves they could not honorably appoint others to do for them. They could not take an oath, personally or by proxy, which they did not mean to keep. The slaves had no right to ask them to do any such thing. O'Connell and de Rothschild could have entered Parliament when they liked if the one would renounce the Pope and the other make a declaration "on the faith of a Christian." But Catholics and Jews would have been obliged to remain under their disabilities to this day, could their emancipation have been only purchased at this price. Our position was strictly analogous to theirs as to entering office and appointing others to take it for us. One would think it easy enough to comprehend. The chief reason why the American Anti-Slavery Society renounced office was the one just given, that it could only be approached by an oath to do certain pro-slavery things, or not to oppose them. Another, incidental to this, was that the President, for example, and Congress were forbidden to use their power to rid the country of slavery. An oath to support the Constitution was equivalent to an oath of allegiance to slavery, so long the tyrant of the land. It was not the existence of slavery or the law restoring fugitive slaves that barred the door of Congress against an Abolitionist. Had these things been created by legislation, or within the absolute power of legislation—like the established Church of England, for example—there would have been no necessary scruple in the way of his taking part in it. For he could immediately have proceeded lawfully to use his power to abolish slavery. It was the oath had been agreed upon in advance by the framers of the Constitution, that stood in his way. The question suggested by Mr. Phillips's resolution is, whether anything in the recent history of the country has so changed the relations of slavery to the Constitution that the oath to support the one can be taken without engaging to maintain the other. He, we presume, would affirm that no such change has been worked, that the pro-slavery clauses remain in full force, and that as long as a single slave remains to be affected by them, the present principle of the American Society forbids the oath to support it. They who would argue that circumstances alter cases assert that, under the compulsion of the military necessities of the nation, the President has already declared three million and more slaves absolutely free. And they declare, further, that under the same war powers by which he has abolished slavery in the rebel States, he or his successor may abolish it everywhere. An Abolitionist, therefore, may be President of the United States and take the oath to support the Constitution, for, by that Constitution, he can at once abolish slavery wherever it still exists. And, if he may hold the office himself, he may vote for another to do so, during the present condition of affairs. If the President refuse to do what he has the constitutional power to do, it is his responsibility and crime. There is nothing in his oath of office, the military necessity continuing, to hinder him from doing it, and, consequently, to hinder any Abolitionist from voting for him as President.

The same line of argument which has conducted those who hold these opinions to this point as to the Presidency, leads them to a like conclusion as to Congress. An Abolitionist, they maintain, may take the oath preliminary to taking a seat in Congress, because by force of the same military exigency Congress is endowed with powers for the salvation of the country which do not exist in common times of peace. If the President may abolish slavery as a war measure, *a fortiori* the President and both Houses of Congress together may do so. An Abolitionist, therefore, may enter Congress and attack slavery directly and lawfully, which the oath to support the Constitution formerly prevented him from doing. That oath now requires him to do so, since the preservation of the Constitution can be had only through the destruction of slavery. If he can act as a member of Congress, himself, of course, he can vote for another person to represent him. This we apprehend to be the logic by which those Abolitionists who think that they can honorably take part in the approaching canvass and election have come to that conclusion. It is for every one to be fully persuaded in his own mind and to make up his opinion for himself. The letter of the Constitution, we conceive, would not stand in the way of any one who thought that the spirit had departed forth from it. In this case it is the Spirit and not the Letter that killeth. If slavery be actually destroyed, in any way, the letter of the Constitution would be well enough and need hinder no one from swearing to support it. We presume that those who hold the opinion that they may now properly hold office, or vote for others to hold it, which they could not conscientiously do in the days of the Eminent Domain of Slavery, regard this opportunity as one which arises out of the state of affairs. Should a disgraceful settlement round the war, and slavery still be left possessed of indefeasible constitutional rights, we suppose that the old scruple would reattach. While the ill spirit is cast out they will strive to enter in and save the fair house; but if it return and with seven worse devils, which it will bring with it if it come back, they will hold back from serving it as before. We have endeavored to state the case fairly as we suppose it to be in the minds of those who hold it. Our columns are open to the discussion of the question, and we trust that a wise determination will grow out of it.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The "National Union Convention" for nominating candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States assembled in the Front Street Theatre in Baltimore on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock, noon. Nearly 600 delegates were present, including those from rebel States and remote Territories. The portions of the building appropriated to spectators were densely crowded, ladies filling the "dress circle." A band from Fort McHenry played a grand overture before the proceedings began.

Ex-Governor Morgan, Chairman of the National Union Executive Committee, appointed at Chicago in 1860, called the Convention to order and made an introductory address, of which the following is the most striking passage:

"It is not my duty nor my purpose to indicate any general plan of action by this Convention, but I trust I may be permitted to say that, in view of the dread realities of the past, and what is passing at this moment, the fact that the bones of our soldiers are bleaching in every State of the Union, and with the knowledge of the further fact that this has all been caused by slavery, the party of which you, gentlemen, are the delegated and only representatives will fall short of accomplishing its great mission, unless among its other resolves it shall declare for such an amendment of the Constitution as will positively prohibit African slavery in the United States (prolonged applause, followed by three cheers)."

Mr. Morgan nominated for temporary President of the Convention the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., of Ky., who, on being conducted to the chair by Mr. King of New York and Mr. Randall of Wisconsin, addressed the Convention at some length. We have room only for an extract or two:

"I am bold to say that, notwithstanding the outcry about our violations of the Constitution, this present living generation and this present Union party are more thoroughly devoted to that Constitution than any generation that has ever lived under it (applause). While I say that, and solemnly believe it, and believe it is capable of the strongest proof, I may also add that it is a great error, which is being propagated in our land, to say that our national life depends merely upon the sustaining of that Constitution. Our fathers made it, and we love it. I intend to maintain it. But if it suits us to change it, we can do so (applause); and when it suits us to change it, we will change it (applause). If it were torn into ten thousand pieces, the nation would be as much a nation as it was before the Constitution was made—a nation always—that declared its independence as a united people, and lived as a united people until now—a nation independent of all particular institutions under which they lived, capable of modeling them precisely as their interests require."

After observing that he would not recite, either for condemnation or approval, the measures by which the government had been brought to its present position in relation to slavery, he went on to say:

"We are prepared to go further than the original Republicans themselves are prepared to go. We are prepared to demand not only that the whole territory of the United States shall not be made slave, but that the General government of the American people shall do one of two things, and it appears to me that there is nothing else that can be done, either to use the whole power of the government, both war power and peace power, to put slavery as nearly as possible back where it was (for although that will be a fearful state of society, it is better than anarchy), or else to use the whole power of the government both of war and peace and all the practical power that the people of the United States will give them to exterminate and extinguish (prolonged applause). I have no hesitation in saying for myself that, if I were a pro-slavery man, if I believed this institution was an ordinance of God and was given to man, I would unhesitatingly join those who demand that the government should put it back where it was; but I am not a pro-slavery man. I never was. I unite myself with those who believe it is contrary to the highest interests of all men and of all government, contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion, and incompatible with the natural rights of man. I join myself with those who say, away with it forever (applause)—and I fervently pray God that the day may come when throughout the whole land every man may be as free as you are, and as capable of enjoying regulated liberty. I will not detain you any longer..... I know very well that the sentiments which I am uttering will cause me great odium in the State in which I was born, which I love, where the bones of two generations of my ancestors and some of my children are, and where, very soon, I shall lay my own. I know very well that my colleagues will incur odium if they indorse what I say; and they, too, know it. But we have put our faces toward the way in which we intend to go, and we will go in it to the end. If we are to perish, we will perish in that way. All I have to say to you is, help us if you can; if you cannot, believe in your hearts that we have died like men (great cheering)."

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Riley, of the Methodist Church, who did not forget to pray for the abolition of slavery.

The roll of delegates was called, including those from rebel States and distant Territories, but the right of the latter to seats was referred to a Committee on Credentials, composed of one from each loyal State, except Missouri, which, having two sets of delegates, in conflict with each other, was excluded. Committees of one from each State were also named to select permanent officers of the Convention and to prepare resolutions. The Convention, at 3 p.m., adjourned till evening.

In the evening, the Committee on the nomination of officers made their report, and the [illegible] Dennison of Ohio was appointed President. Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, one from each loyal State except Missouri, were also chosen.

Gov. Dennison, on being conducted to the chair, made a brief address, in which he said:

"The loyal people of the country have authorized and expect you to renew on their part the pledge of their faith to support the government in the most vigorous prosecution of the war to the complete suppression of the rebellion, regardless of the time or the resources required to that end; and they equally expect and call upon you to declare the cause and support of the rebellion to be slavery, which, as well as for its treasonable offenses against the government as for its incompatibility with the rights of humanity and the permanent peace of the country, must, with the termination of the war, and as much speedier as possible, be made to cease forever in every State and Territory in the Union."

The Committees not being ready to report, Parson Brownlow was called upon for a speech. He responded in a characteristic address, pleading for the admission of the delegation from Tennessee, and for the nomination of Andrew Johnson as the candidate for Vice-President. At the close of his remarks there were loud calls for Garrison, who was known to be present, but he did not respond, and the Convention adjourned to meet on Wednesday, at 9 a.m.

SECOND DAY.

The Committee on Credentials made their report, in substance as follows: 1. That the Union Radical delegation from Missouri be admitted, and the "Claybanks" (Blairites) be excluded. 2. That the delegates from Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana and Arkansas be admitted to all the privileges of the floor, except that of voting. 3. That the persons presenting themselves as delegates from the State of South Carolina are not entitled to the rights of delegates on the floor. Two minority reports were presented.

An exciting debate followed, which ended in the admission of the Radical delegation from Missouri, by a vote of 440 to 4l; in the admission with full privileges of the delegates from Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Nevada; and in the exclusion of the delegates from South Carolina, Virginia and Florida.

H. J. Raymond, of New York, from the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following, the reading of which was received with the wildest outburts of enthusiasm, especially the emancipation and anti-slavery sentiments. The resolutions were adopted by acclamation.

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves as Union men, animated by a common sentiment, and aiming at a common object, to do everything in our power to aid the government in quelling by force of arms the Rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the Rebels and traitors arrayed against it (prolonged applause).

Resolved, That we approve the determination of the Government of the United States not to compromise with Rebels, or to offer any terms of peace except such as may be based upon an "unconditional surrender" of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that we call upon the Government to maintain this position and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the Rebellion, in full reliance upon the self-sacrifices, the patriotism, the heroic valor and the undying devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions (applause).

Resolved, That as Slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this Rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of Republican Government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic (applause), and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence os Slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States (applause).

Resolved, That the thanks of the American people are due to the soldiers and sailors of the army and the navy (applause) who have perilled their lives in defence of their country, and in vindication of the honor of the Flag; that the nation owes to them some permanent recognition of their patriotism and their valor, and ample and permanent provision for those of their survivors who have received disabling and honorable wounds in the service of the country; and that the memories of those who have fallen in its defence shall be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance [loud applause].

Resolved, That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and unswerving fidelity to the Constitution and the principles of American Liberty with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office; that we approve and indorse, as demanded by the emergency and essential to the preservation of the nation, and as within the Constitution, the measures and acts which he has adopted to defend the nation against its open and secret foes; that we approve especially the Proclamation of Emancipation, and the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held in Slavery [applause]; and that we have full confidence in his determination to carry these and all other constitutional measures essential to the salvation of the country into full and complete effect.

Resolved, That we deem it essential to the general welfare that harmony should prevail in the National councils, and we regard as worthy of public confidence and official trust those only who cordially indorse the principles proclaimed in these resolutions, and which should characterize the administration of the government (applause).

Resolved, That the government owes to all men employed in its armies, without regard to distinction of color, the full protection of the laws of war (applause), and that any violations of these laws or of the usages of civilized nations in the time of war by the Rebels now in arms should be made the subject of full and prompt redress (prolonged applause).

Resolved, That the foreign immigration which in the past has added so much to the wealth and development of resources and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the speedy construction of the railroad to the Pacific.

Resolved, That the national faith pledged for the redemption of the public debt must be kept inviolate, and that for this purpose we recommend economy and rigid responsibility in the public expenditures, and a vigorous and just system of taxation; that it is the duty of any loyal State to sustain the credit and promote the use of the national currency (applause).

Resolved, That we approve the position taken by the government that the people of the United States can never regard with indifference the attempt of any European Power to overthrow by force or to supplant by fraud the institutions of any republican government on the Western Continent (prolonged applause), and that they will view with extreme jealousy, as menacing to the peace and independence of this our country, the efforts of any such Power to obtain new footholds for monarchical governments, sustained by a foreign military force in near proximity to the United States (long-continued applause).

The Resolutions having been unanimously adopted, the Convention, after a brief discussion as to the way of taking the vote, proceeded to ballot for a candidate for President, with the following result:

For Mr. Lincoln—Maine, 14; New Hampshire, 10; Vermont, 10; Massachusetts, 24; Rhode Island, 8; Connecticut, 12; New York, 66; New Jersey, 14; Pennsylvania, 52; Delaware, 6; Maryland, 14; Louisiana, 14; Arkansas, 10; Tennessee, 15; Kentucky, 22; Ohio, 42; Indiana, 26; Illinois, 32; Michigan, 16; Wisconsin, 16; Iowa, 16; Minnesota, 8; California, 10; Oregon, 6; West Virginia, 10; Kansas, 6; Nebraska, 6; Colorado, 6; Nevada, 6—Total, 497.

For Gen. Grant—Missouri, 22.

Mr. Hume of Mo. (acting, doubtless, for his colleagues as well as himself) moved that the vote be declared unanimous. The enthusiasm was indescribable, the whole Convention being on their feet shouting, and the band playing "Hail Columbia."

Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, by a large majority (afterwards made unanimous), was nominated for Vice-President.

The Convention, after chosing a National Committee to serve during the next four years, adjourned without day.

THE WORK AND THE WEAPONS OF ABOLITIONISTS.

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, held June 1st, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1. Resolved, That our confidence in the weapons by which the American Anti-Slavery Society and its Auxiliaries have attempted the overthrow of American slavery is confirmed by the results of our moral warfare of the last thirty years; and that, contemplating the peculiar adaptation of spiritual weapons to the destruction of moral evil, we clearly perceive that in the use of these only the great strength of our organization lies; and, consequently, that it is of the utmost importance to the cause which we have espoused, that we continue to wield them faithfully, and to rely upon them, until that cause shall be completely triumphant.

2. Resolved, That though diversities of opinion among Abolitionists, upon the various political questions of the times, are natural and inevitable, these do not touch the essential principles of our enterprise, and, consequently, cannot divide its true friends; and, that, while we erect no political platform, we regard it as the imperative duty of our Anti-Slavery Associations to watch with undiminished vigilance, and criticize with unswerving justice, every political party and leader and measure, in all their relations to the cause of the slave's emancipation.

James Mott, Chairman.

Benjamin C. Bacon, Secretary.

Jeff. Davis and his Mulatto Children.—Abolitionists are constantly accused in Copperhead papers of trying to bring about an amalgamation of whites and blacks; but those papers are very careful to conceal from their readers, as far as possible, such facts as those related in the following extract of a letter from an officer of the Army to a Senator, in Washington:

"While at Vicksburg, I resided opposite to a house belonging to a negro man who once belonged to Joe Davis, a brother of Jeff.—Learning this I happened one day to think that he perhaps would know something about the truth of a story told in the London *Times*, that there was a son of Jeff. Davis, the mother of whom was a slave woman, in our navy. The next time that I met the man I asked him if he had ever known Maria, who had belonged to Jeff. Davis, and was the mother of some of his children? He replied that he had not known Maria, but that he knew his Massa Joe Davis's Eliza, who was the mother of some of Massa Jeff's children. I then inquired if she had a son in the navy. He replied that she had—he knew him—they called him Purser Davis. He said that Eliza was down the river some thirty miles, at work on a plantation. The next day, as I was walking down street, I met the man, who was driving his mule team, and he stopped to tell me that Eliza had returned. A few moments afterwards he came back, and pointing to one of two women who came walking along, he said she was the one of whom he had been talking. When she came up, I stopped her, and inquired whether she had not a son who would like to go North. She replied yes, and added that she would like to go too. I told her that I only wanted a lad. She said that her son had gone up the Red river on board the gunboat Carondelet, but that when he returned she would be pleased to have him go. 'Well' said I, 'some say that Jeff. Davis is your son's father—do you suppose it's so?' 'Suppose!' she exclaimed with, offended pride, 'I's no right to suppose what I knows am certain so. Massa Jeff. was the father of five of my children, but they are all dead but that boy, and then I had two that he wast't the father of. There's no suppose about it.' Perhaps if the boy gets back safe on the Carondelet, you may see him in Boston some of these days."

Of course this case is one of thousands of the same character. In the late earnest movement in favor of freedom in Western Virginia, which culminated in the death of slavery there, the most violent opposer to the new order of things was U. S. Senator John S. Carlile. In regard to this gentleman, the Parkersburg Va. *Gazette* of a late date says:

"We did not know last week for what Senator John S. Carlile came here and was so still about on Sunday week. We know now. He had a mulatto woman and child here—the latter his own. He took them with him on Monday morning. This is an example of practical '*miscegenation*' which is by no means isolated in its character."

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Boston, May 27, 1864.

Dear Sir: I deeply regret that it is out of my power to attend the Cleveland Convention. Allow me to suggest one or two things which I hoped to urge on its attention.

Without denying what the friends of the Administration claim—that it has done something toward crushing the rebellion—my charge against it is that it has not done half that it should and could have done toward that end, had it used the means in its hands, with an earnest and single purpose to close the strife thoroughly and forever. It has thought more of conciliating rebels than of subduing them. It has avowedly forborne the use of lawful and efficient means (to wit, the abolition of slavery), until it was thought indispensable, and even then has used it in a half-hearted, halting way, wishing to save the feelings of rebels. We had three tools with which to crush the rebellion—men, money, and the emancipation of the negro. We were warned to be quick and sharp in the use of these, because every year the war lasted hardened the South from a Rebellion into a Nation, and doubled the danger of foreign interference. Slavery has been our great trouble in the past, and, as every man saw, was our great danger in the future. Statesmanship said, therefore, Seize at once the God given opportunity to end it, at the same time that you, in the quickest, shortest and cheapest manner, annihilate the rebellion!

For three years, the Administration has lavished money without stint, and drenched the land in blood, and it has not even yet thoroughly and heartily struck the slave system. Confessing that the use of this means is indispensable, the Admininistration has used it just enough to irritate the rebels, and not enough to save the State. In sixty days after the rebellion broke out, the Administration suspended *Hapeas Corpus*, on the plea of military necessity—justly. For three years it has poured out the treasure and blood of the country like water. Meanwhile, slavery was too sacred to be used; that was saved, lest the feelings of rebels should be hurt. The Administration weighed treasure, blood and civil liberty against slavery, and, up to the present moment, has decided to exhaust them all before it uses *freedom*, heartily, as a means of battle.

Mr. Lincoln's friends tell us that if he is reëlected, he is reëlected to pursue the same policy and obey the same Cabinet. What will be the result of another four years of such policy? Unless the South is recognized, the war will continne; the taxation needed to sustam our immense debt, doubled by that time, will grind the laboring men of the North down to the level of the pauper labor of Europe; and we shall have a government accustomed to despotic power for eight years—a fearful peril to Democratic institutions.

Mr. Lincoln's model of reconstruction is the experiment in Louisiana, which puts all power into the hands of the unchanged white race, soured by defeat, hating the laboring class, plotting constantly for aristocratic institutions. To reconstruct the rebel States on that model is only continuing the war in the Senate chamber after we have closed it in the field. Such reconstruction, leaving the South with its labor and capital at war, puts the whole payment of the debt on the industrious North, and in that way it will hang on us for a century. Such reconstruction makes the freedom of the negro a sham, and perpetuates slavery under a softer name. Such reconstruction, leaving the seeds of discontent and division in the South in places of power, tempts and facilitates another rebellion, at the instigation or with the aid of French Mexico. Such reconstruction dooms us to a second or third-rate place among nations, and provokes foreign insult and aggression.

There is no plan of reconstruction possible within twenty years, unless we admit the black to citizenship and the ballot, and use him, with the white, as the basis of States. There is not in the rebel States sufficient white basis to build on. If we refuse this method, we must subdue the South and hold it as territory until this generation of white men has passed away, and their sons, with other feelings, have taken their places, and Northern capital, energy and immigration have forced their way into the South. Should we adopt that plan, and wait for those changes, twenty years must elapse before we can venture to rebuild States. Meanwhile, a large and expensive army, and the use of despotic power by a government holding half its territory and citizens as subjects, make every thoughtful man tremble for the fate of free government. A quick and thorough reorganization of States, on a Democratic basis, every man and race equal before the law, is the only sure way to save the Union. I urge it not for the black man's sake alone, but for ours—for the nation's sake.

Against such recognition of the blacks, Mr. Lincoln stands pledged by prejudice and avowal. Men say, if we elect him, he may change his views. Possibly. But three years has been a long time for a man's education in such hours as these. The nation cannot afford more. At any rate, the Constitution gives us this Summer an opportunity to make President a man fully educated. I prefer that course.

The Administration, therefore, I regard as a civil and military failure, and its avowed policy ruinous to the North in every point of view. Mr. Lincoln may wish the end—peace and freedom—but he is wholly unwilling to use the means which can secure that end. If Mr. Lincoln is reëlected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day, unless on terms more disastrous to liberty than even Disunion would be. If I turn to Gen. Fremont, I see a man whose first act was to use the freedom of the negro as his weapon. I see one whose thorough loyalty to democratic institutions, without regard to race—whose earnest and decisive character, whose clear-sighted statesmanship, and rare military ability, justify my confidence that in his hands all will be done to save the State that foresight, skill, decision and statesmanship can do.

I think the Convention should incorporate in its platform the demand for an amendment of the Constitution, prohibiting slavery everywhere within the Republic, and forbidding the States to make any distinction among their citizens, on account of color or race. I think it should demand a reconstruction of States as speedily as possible, on the basis of every loyal man, white or black, sharing the land and the ballot.

But if some of these points are not covered, I shall still support its action with all my heart, if it puts the name of Fremont or Butler on its flag. Fremont is my first choice, but I can support either of them; and this is an hour of such peril to the Republic, that I think men should surrender all party and personal partiality, and support any man able and willing to save the State.

If the Baltimore Convention shall nominate Mr. Lincoln, then I hope we shall fling our candidate's name, the long-honored one of J. C. Fremont, to the breeze, and appeal to the patriotism and common sense of the people to save us from another such three years as we have seen. If, on the contrary, the Baltimore Convention shall give us the name of any man whom the radicals of the loyal States can trust, I hope we shall be able to arrange some plan which will unite all on a common basis, and carry our principles into the government.

Wishing you all success, and prepared to second your efforts to remove this Administration,

I am, yours, etc., Wendell Phillips.

Edward Gilbert, Esq., New-York.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Ladies of the Freedmen and Soldiers' Relief Association desire, through The Standard, to acknowledge the receipt of $112 from European societies. We return sincere thanks to the Edinburgh Anti-Slavery, the Aberdeen Ladies' and Sheffield Anti-Slavery Societies for their generous donations to the Freedmen.

It is most gratifying to us to know that British hearts are moved and British hands outstretched to aid the poor sufferers so long manacled and crushed.

Our warmest thanks are tendered Frederick Douglass, Esq., for his sympathy and assistance. Through his influence we have gained trans-Atlantic friends. We thank him most heartily for his words of cheer and for his timely aid.

Permit me, sir, on behalf of the Freedmen, to tender to all the friends who have aided us our sincere thanks.

Emma V. Brown, Corresponding Secretary.

Washington, June 4th, 1864.

WOMAN AND POLITICS.

E. CADY STANTON TO MRS. DALL.

My Dear Friend: I regret that any misapprehension on your part of the nature and purposes of the Women's National League should have caused you the confusion your letter manifests. In your invidious insinuation of a concealed purpose, you reveal your man of straw, alone vulnerable to your attack. The *call* for the Convention was legitimately open for a public reply; the League is in no way responsible for my private letter.

Your paradoxical letter, of fragmentary thoughts, thrown together without logic or arrangement, I have pondered as I would a Chinese puzzle, and, after adjusting and readjusting its conflicting assertions, the following propositions are discernible:

1. You deny woman's political rights; she may "*interest* herself in national questions," but she may not "dictate."

2. Her sphere is morals; she [illegible] not descend into vulgar politics.

3. She is ignorant of the science of government; wholly incompetent to judge of the political fitness of a tried man for the Presidency, while, with the accuracy of a thermometer, she measures his moral altitude the moment he enters her presence.

4. She must not enter the political arena until invited; "an unauthorized interference never produces any good results.'

5. Our Presidents are made by the direct fiat of Heaven; not like Moses, to *lead* the people, but like the golden calf of the Israelites, to be adored and borne on our shoulders, wherever the popular tide may flow.

6. You say Mr. Garrison's stand-point, for the last thirty years, has not been the best one for sound political judgment of men and measures.

Now, on all these points I take issue with you, and gladly embrace this opportunity to reassert rights I had supposed settled, long ago, in all "advance" minds.

1. I believe the best interests of the nation demand the united, equal power and influence of man and woman in politics, religion and social life; and woman will never interest herself in national questions without feeling that she has a right to be heard. Experience and reason alike prove that the right to dictate—aside from years and wisdom—belongs not to those, only, who are crowned with the glory of manhood.

2. For the moral position of the Women's National League I refer you to our Report and Resolutions, in which you will find that we, so far from descending into an "electioneering caucus" or political cabal, have, by the enunciation of principles, lifted politics into the sphere of morals and religion. Our League, formed one year ago, pledging its members "loyal to freedom," with the avowed object of "educating the nation into the idea of a true republic," is the first and only organization of women for the express purpose of influencing politics. In petitioning Congress for an act of Emancipation, we began with the a, b, c of human rights, and have thus made ourselves a power for freedom with the people and their representatives.

We differ from you, in that, as we near the point of reconstruction, we see reason for renewed effort in the "coming Presidential campaign." However faithful you may have been in the past, we, with the mass of Northern women, must mourn our want of vigilance, must plead guilty to the charge that we have not guarded the tree of liberty with the care and earnestness they of the South have shown for their "peculiar institution."

The fact that a careful housewife has always guarded against fire and candles and sparks, is certainly no reason why she should not "sound a special reveille" when her house is in flames.

3. The great difficulties in the exercise of civil power, not yet surmounted by man even, after years of experience, should, you say, make woman pause before "assuming responsibilities God has not conferred." To my mind, these difficulties are traceable, not to the intricacy of the problem of government—for justice is a simple thing—but to the blindness of man, in not seeing that freedom and equality are the corner-stones of all just and stable government. Perchance, with woman's help, he might more easily have unravelled the tangled skein that has so sorely perplexed him, unaided and alone.

As to woman's ignorance of the science of government, we Americans are proverbial for our knowledge of politics and its machinery. When the wife of old John Adams rebuked him for the fatal compromises with slavery, made in the Constitutional Convention, did she not show the higher statesmanship? In the exciting campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," who so firmly and eloquently held up the standard of freedom, who so thoroughly understood the momentous issues of that hour as Abby Kelley?—a name I ever speak with reverence.

Have not women for the last twenty years taught our legislators higher laws of justice and compelled them to clean their books of many barbarous statutes? What man did more than Anna Dickinson to save the election in Connecticut and Pennsylvania? The best word yet spoken on the vexed question of "retaliation" is by a Connecticut woman, in *The Independent* of May 5th.

In dooming woman to "modest silence," then commanding her to arraign her rulers before the judgment seat of the people, by frequent moral rebukes, the "stern stand and deliver," your logic is like that of the fond mother who bade her son never go near the river until he had learned to swim. And your cruelty is only surpassed by the rude men in "Titus Andromachus," who cut out the tongue and cut off the hands of the royal daughter, then bade her "go call for water and wash her hands."

In judging of our public men, I am at a loss to know by what plummet you sound their moral depths. You praise President Lincoln, who holds millions of human beings in slavery with its wholesale licentiousness and concubinage, and denies the right of suffrage to free black citizens; while you scorn the name of Gen. Butler, whose policy is freedom, and the full recognition of the manhood of the slave.

Remember, in the black man we are settling the foundation principles of morals and governments. It is not a question merely what we shall do with four million Africans; but what are the rights of man?

President Lincoln's proclamations are a dead letter unless backed up by the immortal declaration, "All men are created equal," and our revolution to no purpose unless in the reconstruction we realize that sublime utterance of the Fathers.

4. What progress should we have made in government, if men had always waited for an invitation from those in power to take their rights and privileges? Would there have been a House of Commons in the English Parliament if the people had waited for the Lords to inaugurate the movement? Would our Revolutionary Fathers ever have founded a Republic and repudiated the monarch and his throne, had they waited for the permission of George the III.? Did Massachusetts or New York propose to give woman her rights of property, children and wages, before we ourselves made the demand? "An aristocracy never seeks to share its privileges."

5. If, "through the uncertainties of politicians and the quarrels of demagogues, God led Abraham Lincoln to the Executive chair," to clog the wheels of civilization—a dead weight on the people for education, at the very moment they needed "a pillar of light to go before them in the wilderness," who shall say that Pierce and Buchanan were not given us for the same purpose, and thus involve God in the absurdity of changing his politics once in four years, and dividing the Heavenly Hosts into Republicans and Democrats? To my mind, thus to bring God and the Angels down into the muddy pool of politics would be far worse than for the daughters of the pilgrims, "unauthorized," even, to share all the dangers and difficulties of this earthly sphere. The day has past for making Providence the scape-goat for all our ignorance and folly. Our duty is to study the immutable principles of right, and bring ourselves and the nation into line with them. We do not propose to leave the next Presidency to chance or guess, or wire-pullers, under the very shadow of Executive patronage; but that the people, in mass Convention, shall decide for themselves whom they will have of the men already tried. We do not want an unknown "man, pledged to nobody and nothing"—neither do we want one pledged to slavery, as President Lincoln has ever been. Had I been asked who should be President in 1860, I would have said William H. Seward. Gen. Fremont was not thought of in that campaign, though the people's candidate in 1856. The emergencies of the war have placed Gen. Fremont and Gen. Butler before the nation, admired for their military genius, their statesmanship, their executive ability, and their broad views of human rights.

If, by "chance," Gen. Butler should be our next President, your position would be a very painful one; for four long years you would not be able to write or speak the name of the Executive of the nation. But, by such Providence, perhaps, you might "patiently learn the lesson" of the *one-term principle*.

6. They who, outside of the excitement and competition of a game, calmly watch the moves and chances, see the results more clearly than they who play. In the conventions of politicians, or the speeches of acknowledged statesmen, either of our day or the past, where do you find deeper, broader, higher principles of policy and government, than have been uniformly enunciated in our Anti-Slavery Conventions for the last thirty years? They have been the nation's school, where men and measures have been candidly and severely criticized, and where our most liberal Christians, clearest logicians, earnest orators, and wisest statesmen have taken their best lessons for the practical work of life. Who can say that Wendell Phillips, the advance man of this hour, would not be a safer pilot at the helm of government than Thurlow Weed, the American Talleyrand, skilled as he is in the arts of diplomacy and management?

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, June 6, 1864.

In my letter to-day I shall turn aside from high matters of State and questions of doubtful disputation, and confine myself to topics which afford no occasion for disagreement. As your correspondent for Philadelphia I fall back upon my proper function, which is to keep you advised of whatever may be transpiring in this region of interest to your readers.

The Philadelphians are at this moment, and have been for months, as busy as bees in various works of progressive and reformatory industry. Everybody that is anybody is taking part in the great Revolution, and measures on a large scale, destructive and constructive, to bring it to a successful issue, are in process of execution. Recruiting agencies, Sanitary Commissions, and Freedmen's Relief Associations are the order of the day, and no one, not a Copperhead, has a moment of time or a dollar of money to spare from their demands. The two grand Commissions for the relief of the sick and wounded, the "Sanitary" and "Christian," are striving with generous rivalry which can do the most for the country and her brave defenders. The people pour out their money like water for the support of both, and their columns of donations foot up with figures of almost fabulous magnitude. The Sanitary Commission this week opens its great Fair. It is got up on a scale and in a style meant to eclipse all its predecessors in other parts of the country.

But I own to an interest not more sincere, but deeper in the two other movements alluded to; the one for the recruitment of black soldiers and the other for the relief and elevation of colored freedmen. These two movements illustrate the reciprocal and onward processes of the revolution; one pulls down, the other builds up; one destroys, the other recreates.

A year ago Philadelphia had done nothing practically toward the enlistment of black troops. There had been much discussion and certain earnest men had contended strongly for the policy; but no overt steps had been taken in that direction. At length a member of the Union League—who was also a member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society—insisted at one of these meetings that the time had come for action, and announced that a committee was about to be formed to start the movement. A member of the League—not a member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society—stood ready to take the initiative, and the ball was at once put in motion. This gentleman went to work, and the result was, in a few days, first a memorial to the Secretary of War asking for authority to raise three regiments of colored infantry, and second, the formation of a Supervisory Committee, to have in charge the business of their recruitment. The memorial was numerously signed by leading men of the city, and its request was granted; the Supervisory Committee was made up from the anti-slavery *elite* of the League, with the addition of several persons who were not members of that body. Its chairman was and is the gentleman above alluded to, Thomas Webster, Esq.—the master spirit of the whole movement.

It is not yet a year since that Committee was formed, yet it has—instrumentally—put into the field ten full regiments—a very respectable army—of as fine looking soldiers as ever entered the lists of battle. Seven of these regiments were recruited from Pennsylvania and States adjacent, and were organized and officered at Camp William Penn; the other three were raised in Maryland and there trained and put in condition for service. The value of these troops is no longer a matter of question. The deeds done at Wagner and Olustee, and the humiliation of the haughty Fitzhugh Lee at Wilson's Landing are facts which shut the mouths of all gainsayers. In raising these regiments the Supervisory Committee have effected a marvellous change in public sentiment. Their tracts, newspaper articles, pictorial representations, public meetings, etc., etc., have done much in overcoming prejudice and establishing in the community a new respect for the rights of the black man. The Committee have expended in these publications, ect., $7,688 14.

In addition to these regiments and this change of public sentiment the Committee have given to the country a Free Military School; a contribution which, in the present exigencies of the service, proves to be a great advantage. This school has been established to meet a pressing and imperative want; that of a sufficient number of qualified officers to command in the black regiments. The measure was advised by Gen. Casey, head of the Examining Board at Washington, and has since received the approval of the Secretary of War.

The "Free Military School for Applicants for command in Colored Regiments," which has been in existence less than six months, has on its roll of candidates for admission the names of three thousand and ninety-two (3,092) persons, and on its list of pupils, the names of eight hundred and forty (840) who have received its benefits. It has four professors and assistant professors, and at present has in its catalogue the names of 117 students in actual attendance. It has sent before the Board at Washington for examination, two hundred and twenty-nine (229) candidates, all but twelve of whom have passed. These have been assigned to various grades of command from Second Lieutenant to Colonel; not a few of them are at this moment using the prowess here acquired against the common enemy. It may be proper to say that most of the pupils of the school are from the army of the Potomac and have seen service.

A writer in the Washington Daily *Chronicle*, describing a visit paid by him to the school, and to the headquarters of the Committee—both of which are under the same roof—has a paragraph which shows the moral as well as belligerent bearing of the recruiting movement, is as follows:

"We next visited the Committee rooms proper, and were shown, among other interesting things, several different editions of huge placards, revealing the diabolism of slavery and secession, which had been printed and published in England by our friends there, for extensive circulation among the working people of that country. The infernal atrocities of the Constitution, the wickedness of the rebellion, the villany of its leaders, the craft and hypocrisy of its aiders and abettors here and in England, were powerfully set forth. We were not before aware of the sharpness of the fight over us and *for us* which the real people of Great Britain had to wage against their haughty aristocracy of blood and breeding, in close alliance with our own lustful lords of the lash."

As mention has been made of the efficiency of Mr. Webster, Chairman of the Supervisory Committee, it ought to be added that next to him in usefulness should be placed Mr. Robert R. Corson, its general Agent. To Mr. Corson's untiring zeal, wise discretion, exhaustless good nature and indefatigable industry, the enterprise is indebted beyond its power to pay.

Before leaving this subject of the Supervisory Committee, I desire to quote a passage from the proceedings of their last meeting. It relates to the lamented death of our townsman, Robert B. Forten, and is as follows:

At a meeting of the Supervisory Committee for the Recruitment of Colored Troops, held at their headquarters, No. 1210 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on the 30th of May, 1864, the following resolution, etc., was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in addition to the notice already taken of

the death of Sergeant-Major Forten, the following expression of sentiment be placed on our minutes, as a tribute due from this Committee to the memory of the deceased:

Robert Bridges Forten was known to us as an upright and honorable man, and an intelligent and courteous gentleman.

He possessed in a high degree the qualities which befit a soldier. Ardent and impetuous, competent to command, and ready to obey, he only needed opportunity to rise to distinction. He took up arms, not from any love of military life, but from a stern sense of duty; duty to his country, to the cause of freedom, and to the race with which he was identified. An exile in a foreign land, driven thither by a cruel prejudice, he hastened, on learning that his services would be accepted, to return and take part in the great struggle now going on for impartial liberty. He enlisted as a volunteer, and performed the duties assigned him with characteristic enthusiasm. But he over-tasked his strength, and, sinking under a mortal malady, fell a victim to his devotion. His career, though brief, was a highly useful one; creditable to the name he bore, and honorable to the race with which he stood connected.

Like his father, the late James Forten of this city—who, while yet a boy, signalized his devotion to his country by his heroic captivity on board the "Jersey" prison-ship—he in his maturer years manifested the same spirit of patriotism by enlisting in a service subject to much graver perils. The son, like the father, has left a name untarnished by dishonor, and the memory of an example worthy of wide imitation.

Sergeant-Major Forten did not die on the battle-field, but he was none the less a martyr of liberty. He laid down his life on the altar of his country, and earned for his name a conspicuous place on the scroll of its bravest defenders.

THOMAS WEBSTER, Chairman.

CADWALLADER BIDDLE, Secretary.

This resolution, etc., is, by order of the Committee, being engrossed on parchment, and in duplicate; one copy for the widow of the departed soldier, Mrs. Mary Forten of London, and the other for Miss Charlotte L. Forten, a teacher from this city among the Freedmen of South Carolina.

There is an allusion in this resolution to the captivity of James Forten, the father of the deceased, on board the Jersey prison-ship, which to some may need explanation. The facts of the case, as gathered from a printed speech delivered by Mr. Robert Purvis in this city in 1842, are as follows:

James Forten, orphan son of Thomas Forten of this city, and a pupil of Anthony Benezet, enlisted in his fourteenth year, Anno Domini 1780, as powder-boy on board the Royal Louis, Stephen Decatur commander. Putting to sea they were soon brought into action. The Royal Louis engaged the English ship Lawrence, and after a severe and bloody battle, captured and brought her into this port a prize, amid the huzzas of the people. Their next cruise was not so fortunate. Falling in with the Amphyon, the Nymph, and the Pomona, the Louis was overpowered, and obliged to strike her colors. At this misfortune the heart of the brave young sailor sunk within him; for prisoners of his complexion were not usually exchanged, but, instead, were sent as slaves to the West Indies. This fate, however, was not reserved for him. Placed on board the Amphyon, his skill at marbles won the heart of the captain's son, and his honest, cheery-face commended him to the good-will of the captain himself, who offered to send him to England, and thus give him all the advantages of a British subject. This the loyal young sailor declined, and Capt. Beasely placed him on board the "Old Jersey," then lying at one of the wharves of this city. Here he was a captive for eight months. What he endured during this time can be imagined by those who have heard the traditions of that melancholy prison-house. While a prisoner an incident occured with him, which is thus related:

An officer of the American navy was about to be exchanged for a British prisoner. Young Forten conceived the idea of escaping in the officer's chest. Disclosing his purpose, the case of another, a boy, still younger, was brought under his notice, and he generously tendered to him the opportunity. It was accepted, and Forten had in lieu of it the chance of letting down the "chest of clothes" from the side of the prison-ship. The person thus rescued was Daniel Brewton, late steward of our Lazaretto, from whom, as well as from the lips of his father-in-law, Mr. James Forten himself, Mr. Purvis had the particulars of this story.

Passing from the men and measures employed in pulling down to those engaged in building up, I naturally come to the Freedmen's Aid Associations. Of these there are three in this city, all operating separately but in harmony; the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, the Orthodox (so-called) Friends Relief Association, and the Hicksite (so-called) Friends Relief Association. The last mentioned, though coming into the field at a later period, and finding the ground preoccupied to a considerable extent by the two former, sees plenty of work to do, and has entered upon its duties with great spirit. How much money exactly it has raised for its object I have not at hand the means of knowing; but measuring the zeal of this city by its contributions to the two other bodies, one cannot help but be very much encouraged. The last report of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association shows receipts from the 1st of November to the 1st of June, \$40,637 96. The receipts into the treasury of the Friends Association during the same time have been \$57,256 57, making a joint total of \$97,894 48.

This is pretty well for a beginning; and it is but a beginning. The great work of the war, the reconstructive work, is yet to be performed; and this is the direction which it must take. The stone which the old builders rejected must be used in rearing the new edifice. No better material can be found. Some of it may be rude and shapeless, showing it to be fresh from the enemy, but it is easily worked and can be dressed and fitted for any place in the structure, not excepting the "head of the corner."

Let the Cleveland Convention lay down its abstract rules of architecture, and let the Baltimore Convention choose who shall preside over the house while it is undergoing repair, and the Chicago Convention plot how it shall best defeat the work of both, the Freedmen's Aid Associations are content to work away on their rough material, not doubting that whether it be Egyptian marble or American sandstone, or a composite intermediate, in no other way and with no other stuff could they do so much in the great work of reconstruction.

"The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be," saith the preacher. Look at Port Royal. Huge herds of chattel slaves transformed into happy communities of civilized men. A people degraded to the lowest point in the power of slavery, raised to a condition of decency and respectability. Self-supporting, law-abiding, wealth-producing. Where in all the land will you find a better behaved or more truly deserving body of people? In the field of war they are fighting our battles, in the fields of peaceful agriculture they are raising the great staples of life; while in the schools their children are being trained for future and greater usefulness.

What has been done in the Sea Islands is in process of accomplishment in other places. In all parts of the South these Associations are at work, with their teachers and helpers. The Superintendent, for the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief, for Middle Tennessee and North Alabama, writes that he has opened large and flourishing schools in Huntsville and Stevenson, two towns of the latter State, near the original centre of the rebellion. Thus it will be seen, the Freedmen's Relief, like the Sanitary Commissions, follows hand in hand the footsteps of our armies—the one receiving from the battle-field the wounded soldier, the other giving aid and succor to the rescued bondman; both engaged in the noblest works of charity that ever claimed the attention of patriot or philanthropist. M.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. GIDDINGS.—The remains of Mr. Giddings were taken for burial to his late home in Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. They arrived at Ashtabula on Sunday evening, May 22d, where a large concourse of people were waiting to receive them. A funeral procession was formed, and proceeded to Jefferson, where the remains were placed in state till the hour appointed for the final ceremonies, at 1 p.m on Monday. The funeral ceremonies were conducted without a sermon or oration, reserving that for a future occasion. A very large concourse of his neighbors attended the funeral, testifying to the esteem in which they held him. In order that his daughter, and her husband, the Hon. George W. Julian, might have time to reach home, the actual burial of his remains was delayed till 7 o'clock on Monday evening, when the people of this village assembled and followed him to the "house appointed for all living." The hearse was draped with the flag of his country, and when, at the setting of the sun, his mortal remains were committed to the earth, the village girls cast flowers and garlands into the grave, in sweet token of the gentleness of his character and the presence of a spirit that could appreciate the beautiful in nature and the feeling in humanity; and the last glow of the sunset, reflected from the banner of the free, united with the perfume of flowers to bless his resting place.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1864.

THE National Convention is the topic of conversation in political circles. A large number of delegates have been here for the last few days, and some of the more distinguished Republican leaders also. Mr. Greeley of *The Tribune* has been here for a week, and I have been amused to see how pleasantly some of his mortal enemies (political) have received him! Looking down one day from the gallery in the House, I saw him talking with Fernando Wood and James Brooks. A little later I saw him introduced to Mr. Long of Cincinnati—the gentleman whom the Republicans censured some time since for his "treasonable" tendencies. The Opposition leaders, although they abuse Mr. Greeley in their speeches, have a very high respect for him, for they know that he is not a party man, nor does he justify the foolish acts of his own Administration. His political enemies see this and respect him accordingly.

There is no expectation that the National Convention will be postponed, though nearly half of the delegates who have come to this city express themselves in favor of postponement. Every man I have seen adds to this expression of his own opinion, "But the majority will not hear of such a thing, and it is useless to attempt it!" With this feeling it is easy to see that the Convention will not be postponed. Mr. Lincoln is strong in the Convention, as he is with the people. There is but one man in the country who can beat him in the Presidential contest, and he is Gen. Grant. It is asserted by some of Gen. Grant's most intimate friends, that if the Opposition shall attempt to run him, he would come out in a card asking the American people not to cast their votes for him. I do not feel quite so certain about this, but it is a fact that Gen. Grant last Spring wrote a letter to Mr. Washburne of the House, portions of which have been published, and this letter puts the General upon bold anti-slavery ground. How can the Opposition nominate a man for President who says that slavery must be destroyed, and that it would be madness to close the war *now*, if we could, without destroying the institution? I do not doubt that the Opposition are ready to do almost anything to beat Mr. Lincoln, but it is difficult to see how it is possible for them to throw their peace and pro-slavery principles to the winds and take up not only a war man, but an anti-slavery man also.

The proceedings of Congress during the last week have not been of especial interest. The debates in the Senate have for the most part been confined to the Tax bill. In a stirring debate upon the Fishing Bounties some very sharp things were said by Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Morrill of Maine. Powell of Kentucky, and his Copperhead colleague, Davis, attacked New England in their old hackneyed style, to the disgust of the Senate—and the bounties were continued. I verily believe that the amendment abolishing the bounties would have carried but for their villainous attacks upon New England, as several Western Senators were inclined to vote against continuing them longer. Mr. Fessenden made the subjoined contrast between Massachusetts and Kentucky in his speech on the subject:

"And now, for the benefit of the Senator from Kentucky, who takes so deep a solicitude on this question, I would like to run a comparison between Massachusetts and Kentucky as to what they are doing in sustaining the nation in this great struggle. I do it in no spirit of hostility to that State. Massachusetts has a population in the aggregate of 1,232,000 according to the last census; Kentucky, 1,065,000. Massachusetts has assessed on her, to be paid into the Treasury of the United States to carry on this war, \$7,370,000; Kentucky, \$1,730,000; and the honorable Senator from Kentucky thinks this is the time to strike Massachusetts in the face! Massachusetts on her income paid \$1,628 000; Kentucky paid \$408,845. While Massachusetts is thus giving of her treasure to defend the nation, the honorable Senator from Kentucky thinks it an opportune moment to strike at this interest so cherished and so long one of her material and essential interests. New England was assessed for property \$16,412,988, and she has paid pretty much the whole of it; and the ten other States and six Territories to which I have referred were assessed \$19,326,246. When it is recollected that the latter have a population of some ten million, and New England a population of a fraction over three million, and all crowded into a little sterile patch of earth, I submit whether this is the time and the occasion for crippling her in her interests and rendering her less able to perform her duty to the Union. Massachusetts has paid into the Treasury of the United States \$10,048,592, Kentucky, \$2,416,523, leaving the balance against Kentucky \$7,622,069; and with that balance against the Senator, with a population nearly equal, with a territory three times as large, he thinks it is worth while to stand here in the Senate and badger New England, and talk about New England interests as if they were entirely separate and apart from the national interests."

Mr. Hale was quite humorous upon an item in the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill for the publication of *The Globe*. The subjoined passage occurred in the debate:

Mr. Hale—Mr. President, I think the whole thing is injudicious. I think it has a tendency to encourage talk, and that does not need any encouragement. I wonder that the sagacity of our Committee on Finance in seeking for some subject of taxation has not led them to tax this eternal gabble that is practiced in all the branches of the government. I think we could get a very handsome revenue out of a tax levied on every speech exceeding fifteen minutes over an hour. I see that my friend from Maryland (Mr. Johnson) looks rather pale at such a proposition (laughter); but still I think it would be a judicious one.

Mr. Johnson—It is on your account (laughter).

Mr. Powell—I hope the Committee on Finance will introduce no such measure. If they do it will bankrupt the Senator from New Hampshire, and we do not want to see that (laughter).

Mr. Hale—That remark of the Senator is based rather upon a supposition of my poverty than an experience of my talk (laughter).

And then Mr. Hale told a story:

"I remember the first time that I was in the State of Ohio. I was something of a lion at that time (laughter), and the late Joshua R. Giddings, of whose death we have heard with so much sorrow lately, acted as my trumpeter on that occasion. I was called upon by radicals of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and among the rest there came to me a strong-minded woman, with her heart full of sympathy for the laboring classes. In her benevolence she had drawn out a plan for their amelioration and elevation; and what do you suppose it was? Why, that there should be a newspaper printed at the seat of the national government every day, which should contain every word that was said in both Houses of Congress that day (laughter). She thought that would be a remedy that would cure all the social evils that afflicted society. I looked at her with a little astonishment. I asked her if she had ever seen the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. She said she never had. I told her it was about the size of a small bed-quilt, and if it was printed all over in small type it would not contain everything that was said in both Houses of Congress during a day (laughter). She wanted to put this paper into the hands of every laboring man in the community; so I asked her this question: 'Do you not think if you were to put that paper into the hands of the laboring men of the country and tell them that they must read it through that day, it would be the hardest day's work they ever did? Again,' said I, 'suppose the laboring class have time to read so much, do you not think it barely possible that they might find some more profitable reading?' (Laughter.) The woman had the sense to sit still and did not answer, and that question never has been answered to this day."

The joint resolution providing for an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery will not gain the requisite two-thirds majority in the House. The vote taken upon tabling the measure at least looks like it. It makes a fine Presidential issue, however, and if the Opposition votes solid against a proposition to permit the people to abolish slavery "constitutionally," then the Opposition will go to the wall in the elections that will take place in the Fall—Presidential and Congressional.

The military situation still remains perplexing. I cannot see any prospect of the fall of Richmond immediately. The greatest contest of the war will occur within five or six miles of the rebel capital. It is probable that, before it is ended, it will cost Grant fifty or sixty thousand more men, but if Lee suffers in proportion it only makes the result the more decisive, for when Lee has lost fifty thousand more men he cannot continue the campaign much longer. The estimate of the rebel strength in and around Richmond is not far from one hundred thousand all told. Our own force is considerably larger. It should be at least two hundred thousand to make the result secure. We have not that number of troops around Richmond, and the final result of the campaign is as yet somewhat doubtful. I say this, not to discourage, but because *it is the truth*. The result *may be* a failure, but if it is it will be but temporary. We shall raise another army, and the rebels cannot well do it. It will not be difficult to replenish our armies, but it is difficult to see how the rebels can replenish theirs. However, it is not necessary to look upon contingencies. Gen. Grant expects to destroy Lee before he is done with him, or at least to drive him from Virginia. This will probably be the result of the campaign, or at least such is the opinion of many of our best military critics. It is wise, however, not to be too certain of anything in connection with this war. AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 6, 1864.

A FRIEND in New York, who is firm as a rock in principle, and also intelligent and modest, writes me the following inquiry and suggestions. As he is a careful reader of THE STANDARD, and as many faithful brethren share his doubts, I will copy his language here, with his *italics*, and give what seems to me the proper answer to it. He says:

"Are not you and some others just a little unreasonable in the issues you make with the President on the question of suffrage for emancipated slaves? It strikes me so, but of course I don't imagine myself infallible. After contending for thirty years for the abolition of *chattelism*, it will hardly do for us now to talk of such abolition as if it were of little worth unless immediately followed by suffrage. Of couse there ought to be no discrimination in regard to suffrage *on account of color*; but if the slaves were all white, I think a true-hearted man might well shrink from admitting them at once to the ballot-box, especially if such admittance could only be enforced by military power, and there were good reason to fear that the attempt to carry so much at once, in opposition to strong prejudices, would result in mischief. The President did wrong, I think, in not admitting to the polls the intelligent blacks of New Orleans, but when we come to the plantation slaves, the case is not so plain. For thirty years, the Abolitionists, when accused by their opponents of a desire to bring those slaves immediately to the polls, have said: 'No, the immediate emancipation of the slaves does *not* imply their immediate admission to political privileges. It is the abolition of slavery that we ask, *and the abolition of slavery is freedom.*'"

It is very true that, apart from the special complications of our own times, much might reasonably be said against the immediate admission of the whole mass of freedmen to the ballot-box; and it is also true that such admission is not necessarily implied in their immediate emancipation. But there are two special reasons why the measure in question should now be carried into effect.

The first is that, under the administration of Abraham Lincoln, the abolition of slavery does *not* turn out to be freedom. We had hoped for an abolition of slavery in the interests of justice and right, not merely (as the President so often takes pains to repeat) at the dictate of military *necessity*. We had expected that when the highest authority in the country had made the slave free, he would have been like other free men as far as the right of locomotion, the choice of employment and the free power of contract were concerned. We had supposed, in short, that he would be under the general laws of the country, instead of under a special code, framed to deprive him of the rights above-mentioned, and oppressively discriminating against his race in favor of his old oppressors. We had not imagined that the President would establish and sustain an administration like that of Gen. Banks, conducted in the spirit of the worst writings of Carlyle, pretending a holy horror of idleness and vagrancy, making the lying pretence that all civilized nations are accustomed to demand industry of all their subjects, and then proceeding to demand that all *black* men shall be industrious, at a very small fixed rate of compensation, and in a certain specified line of employment, while not a finger is laid upon a single white idler, whether vagabond or millionaire.

The times having changed in this manner and to this extent, it is needful that we should change also, unless we would abandon those rights of the colored race for which we have all along been striving. Formerly, South Carolina influences ruled this nation, demanding the acquiescence of the North in the form of oppression called slavery. Now, Kentucky influences rule it, demanding the acquiescence of the North in the form of oppression called serfdom. What I say is that liberty must antagonize the latter of these not less than the former.

We must beware, for our own sakes, of repeating the mistakes made by our fathers in 1787, of letting an existing form of injustice remain undisturbed because it seems feeble, temporary, and likely soon to expire by its own limitation. There is no safety for the country but in our seeing, with our own eyes, and as soon as possible, the utter extinction of every legal disability stigmatizing black as inferior to white. And precisely this same course is also demanded of us as guardians of the liberty and interests of the black population. There is no safety for them but in their being on the same footing with ourselves as far as *equality under the law* is concerned.

Then a special claim of humanity enforces this demand of expediency. The white population of Louisiana, almost universally disloyal in heart, have been persuaded by Gen. Banks to resume the aspect of loyalty, partly through his possession of superior military force, but very largely also through his concession to them of a code of laws putting the negroes in their power. Under President Lincoln's proclamation *as executed by Gen. Butler* the Louisiana planters had lost slavery, without hope of its return, and with a recognition of the blacks by the existing government as men, soldiers and citizens. Under the same proclamation *as executed by Gen. Banks* they have gained an establishment of serfdom instead of freedom for the blacks; they have gained a formal concession from the United States government enabling them to perpetuate the spelling of "negro" with two *gs*; they have gained the establishment of a code of laws stigmatizing the colored people as an inferior race, preventing their natural efforts at enterprise and elevation, and making them, in effect, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the white community. In the hope of counterpoising this piece of injustice, the colored men of New Orleans sent a deputation to Washington, requesting Mr. Lincoln to give them the ballot, by which they might in some degree protect themselves. There was a large class of free colored men in that city before the issuing of the proclamation. They were all, of course, thoroughly loyal, and they had twice given essential aid by military service, at times when the United States authorities would not else have been able to sustain themselves. These men of color had thus acquired the special enmity of the white population, and acquired it *by their loyalty*. The ballot should have been given them, and should now be given them, not barely as an act of justice to native-born citizens, but as an act of humanity due to them, and as an act of gratitude due from us.

Well, experience has shown us that Mr. Lincoln is not disposed to act on the demands of justice, humanity or gratitude. The only effect of the presentation of such claims upon him is to remind him of some "little anecdote"; and he frankly says that the action of a President must be governed by considerations of another sort altogether. Therefore, my second reason for giving the ballot to the Southern blacks shall meet him on his own ground. This measure is the best one, and the only one, which can secure an immediate loyal population to transact political affairs and uphold the United States government in the Southern States, as soon as the military power of the rebellion is crushed. The President, *as* President, and from simple recognition of the necessities of the perilous crisis through which the nation is passing, ought to ordain full citizenship for the blacks of the whole country. They all prefer to live in the South. The government has at its disposal enough confiscated land, justly and legally forfeited by rebellion, to establish the whole colored population in the Southern States. The gift of this land to the ex-slaves, and to white and black soldiers, and its sale, on favorable terms, to other white and black emigrants from the North, is not only an unexceptionable method, but, so far as I can see, the only possible method of establishing a loyal population in every Southern State which shall be ready for political and industrial action as soon as the armies of the rebellion in each State are subdued. And the announcement of this method of operation, by giving stimulus and definite expectation to the whole mass of colored people, would go very far towards destroying the prospects and breaking the hopes of the rebel population.

One objection to the voting of the freedmen, of much weight, although insufficient to deter us from it as at present situated, is their ignorance. The reply to this objection is, first, that ignorance will pervert the franchise far less than intelligent malevolence; and that the slaves, as a mass, cannot possibly vote so badly for the interests of the country as their masters have voted for thirty years past. The substitution must necessarily benefit the nation. Next, we have borne for a long time with the disadvantages of absolute and thorough ignorance on the part of large bodies of voters, both native born and of foreign extraction. When the present trouble is over, we may consider whether to fix a minimum of intelligence as the qualification of the ballot; but at present, the loyalty of the blacks should counterbalance their ignorance; the best way—it seems to me, the only way—to save the nation is to make that class citizens and voters in all the States.

Where there's a will, there's a way. The "way," the *power* of accomplishing whatever the welfare of the country requires, has been in the President's hands ever since the war commenced. The resources of the nation are at his command, the policy of the nation shapes itself according to his will. In this last point lies the difficulty. Mr. Lincoln's will does not consent to arrange the status of negroes very differently from the position assigned them by the feelings of his native State, Kentucky, and the State of his adoption, Illinois. Military necessity has destroyed their enslavement; but the President firmly resists their right to manhood, citizenship, equality before the law.

We had here, last week, another specimen of a force in the community whose will is not commensurate with its power in the work of opposition to slavery. The ninth Annual Convention of delegates from the "Young Men's Christian Associations" of the United States had held a four days' meeting here. Those who have heretofore watched the proceedings of these bodies, and of the individual Y. M. C. Associations throughout the country, have been aware that, as long as slavery was powerful, they followed the example of the Churches from which they sprang, by tolerating it without complaint or reproach, and by ignoring or opposing all movements against it. The "Church Anti-Slavery Society," as zealous as themselves for "the faith once delivered to the saints," found no more favor at their hands than the American Anti-Slavery Society. Not only were slaveholders as acceptable Christian brethren in their view as any, but a few years ago, when their Annual Convention was held in New Orleans, the Y. C. delegates from Troy actually carried testimonials from the Mayor of that city, certifying that they were "all right" in regard to the "peculiar institution," by way of protection against the sort of hospitality which the young Christians of New Orleans were accustomed to show to Northern men not thus endorsed.

But times have changed. The civil and military movements in opposition to the rebellion are fast destroying slavery. The friends of that institution are decreasing, its enemies are increasing. The Churches cannot afford to be left behind, and they also, at last, uplift their voices against the dying lion. The Y. M. C. Associations of course echo the Churches, and this is what they said upon that subject in the recent Convention, through the mouth of a Committee on "The State of the Country":

'Resolved, That we shall hail with gladness the day when human slavery, the essential source of our National trials, shall no longer be known in our land; that we heartily approve of the government using every authorized means for the lasting extermination of this great evil.

This is all that I find touching the subject of slavery in the fullest report given of the doings of the Convention in the daily press of this city. Now see with how much more energy they express themselves in regard to matters which they really *wish* accomplished. Take another of their resolutions, namely:

Whereas, Dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, and intemperance in various forms are to a fearful extent the besetting sins of professing Christians in this country; and whereas, all who do these things are thus vainly striving to do what our Savior has explicitly declared to be impossible when he said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon"; and whereas, to all such that Scripture which saith, "Woe unto those who are at ease in Zion," is applicable, *Therefore*, be it resolved that it is the duty of all Young Men's Christian Associations in the land, and of every member of each of said Associations to oppose these sins by all means in their power, and especially to oppose them by their example in abstaining from them.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

When nothing but a trifle like slavery is in question, these Young Christians merely *approve*, in general, of *other people's* acting against it. When serious vices like dancing and card-playing are concerned, they declare it the imperative duty of all their Associations, and of every member of each Association, to "*oppose these sins by all means in their power, and especially to oppose them by their example in abstaining from them.*"

If the Young Men's Christian Associations (so-called) had taken ground like this against *slavery* ten years ago, and stuck to it like men and Christians, they would have overthrown and exterminated slavery without any rebellion. They have refused to utter a word against this sin through most of the years of their existence; and the feeble, pitiful expression of discountenance to it above quoted, far from being an honest expression of Christian feeling, is only an echo of what has been said for two years by hunkers of the old political parties. NORTH.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents*. On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

☞ Form of Petition now sent out by the Women's League:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ———— believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Hart's Village, Dutchess Co., N. Y., EDWARD HULL, in the 78th year of his age.

The fact that there has been no word said about the life and death of one who sacrificed all worldly interests during a long life for the sake of Justice and Freedom, proves that he outlived those who would have borne this testimony as to his earthly career. He was a member of the New York Manumission Society, formed so long ago by John Jay and other eminent men of the Revolutionary era.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

VALOR OF NEGRO SOLDIERS AT THE WEST.

"Occasional," the able correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writes from Washington under date May 25:

"Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, who has been absent on another tour to the South-west, organizing the released and forever-emancipated slaves, and in making them a part of the national forces, returned to Washington two days ago, to be present at the burial of his young and gallant son-in-law. He has with him some new proofs of the bravery and endurance of the blacks. They failed in no battle, disobeyed no orders, and aided no disaffection. The industrial process, the care of their families, and the cultivation of the cotton and rice plantations, is working slowly but surely into a system. Almost simultaneous with the arrival of Gen. Thomas came Col. Alexander Cummings, of Philadelphia, from Arkansas, where he had been sent by the War Department to bring the slaves into the army. His testimony is, if possible, more conclusive. It was the manumitted slaves of Arkansas who saved Steele's whole army from capture by the rebels under Price. A few days before that event, the rebels had deliberately murdered a number of colored soldiers in charge of a train of army wagons; and, when the relatives and friends of these butchered men had their turn, they executed a dreadful retaliation. They fought like gladiators, each for his own life, and each for the life of his enemy. Do not tell me that this is not Christian or civilized war. These blacks are human beings with immortal souls to save, and a just God to meet after death. The rebel chiefs must be taught that they cannot kill the colored men in the armies of this Republic as they would kill so many wild beasts; and also, if they do, *upon their own heads be the bloody repayment of their own barbarity.* A few more exhibitions of negro resolution on this subject will probably impress the lesson so strongly upon the rebel authorities that they will presently consider it a poor business to murder a negro and to be made to bear the expense of giving two white rebels as hostages for the philanthropic investment.

OUTRAGE UPON A COLORED SCHOOL.

A free colored man named Jordan opened, by permission of the commandant of the post at Columbia, Tenn., a school for the blacks. The school went on smoothly till Monday, the 11th inst., when two soldiers of the 8th Tennessee cavalry went into the school and broke it up; but the teacher being so advised resumed his labor the next day. But on the 14th. Messrs. Datty, Porter, White and others, including soldiers of the 8th Tennessee, the party headed by White, the city constable, proceeded to the school room, seized the teacher and brought him under guard to the Court House, where he received a mock trial. When being asked for his authority for teaching a school, Mr. Jordan replied, that Lieut.-Col. Brown and Maj. Sawyer were his authority, and wished they would bring Maj. Sawyer in. One of the men went out, was absent but a moment when he came in stating that Maj. Sawyer could not be found; whereupon Mr. Andrews ordered that the teacher be given twenty-five lashes. And they were administered, the man receiving the scourge like a martyr, telling his persecutors that he was willing to suffer for the right, and that Christ had received the same punishment, for the same purpose; and he thought if he could teach the children to read the Bible so that they might learn of Heaven, he was doing a good work. To this, a soldier of the 8th Tennessee, said, "If you want to go to Heaven you must pray, you can't get there by teaching the niggers. We can't go to school, and I'll be damned if niggers shall."

The correspondent who communicated these facts to the Nashville *Union* could not say whether this outrage was committed with the knowledge of the post commandant or not.

DESPERATE GALLANTRY.

The conduct of the colored troops, by the way, in the actions of the last few days, is described as superb. An Ohio soldier said to me to-day: "I never saw men fight with such desperate gallantry as those negroes did. They advanced as grim and stern as death, and when within reach of the enemy, struck about them with a pitiless vigor that was almost fearful." Another soldier said to me: "These negroes never shrink nor hold back, no matter what the order. Through scorching heat and pelting storms, if the order comes, they march with prompt, ready feet." Such praise is great praise, and it is deserved. The negroes here who have been slaves are loyal to a man; and on our occupation of Fredericksburg pointed out the prominent secessionists, who were at once seized by our cavalry and put in safe quarters. In a talk with a group of these faithful fellows I discovered in them all a perfect understanding of the issues of the conflict, and a grand determination to prove worthy of the place and privileges to which they are to be exalted.

HOW THE NEGROES FIGHT IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

On the 22d of April Gen. Steele sent out a foraging expedition under the command of Col. James M. Williams, First Kansas Colored Infantry. It was directed to proceed to a point 18 miles west and return. The train consisted of nearly 200 wagons; and the escort of the First Kansas Colored, the Eighteenth Iowa, about 100 cavalry of the Second and Sixth Kansas, and a section of the Eighth Indiana Battery (Rabb's). Two 12-pound howitzers were also attached to the cavalry. The entire force was less than 1,000 men. On their return, early on the second day, Col. Williams was attacked by an entire division of the rebel army, 5,000 or 6,000 strong. This force was brought to bear, while a large body was held in reserve. Col. Williams is one of the boldest and bravest men in the service. His negroes were first attacked, but under the inspiring example of their officers, and the splendid discipline, bore themselves undauntedly against the odds. It is reported that early in the fight, one of the negroes, attempting to run, was instantly shot dead by Col. Williams. Our entire line broke out into a wild cheer, and the fight proceeded vigorously. It commenced at 8 a.m., and lasted till 12 m. The rebel force were several times repulsed. At last, finding that the ammunition had given out, that the rebels were being reinforced, after having two horses shot under him, Col. Williams gave orders to fix bayonets, and forming into as compact form as possible, the remains of our command cut their way through the rebel lines, literally fighting their way back to Camden. The enemy captured the wagons and the two howitzers. The two rifled guns belonging to the battery were spiked and abandoned. The infantry came in with dripping bayonets. Everybody accords even extravagant praise to the colored soldiers. One hundred and seventy-two were left, killed and wounded, where they fell. Five white officers were killed. Capt. Topping, Co. B, Capt. Armstrong, Co. D, Lieut. Coleman, Co. H, Lieut. Samuels, Co. H, and Lieut. Hitchcock, Co. K. Armstrong and Hitchcock were murdered, after capture, by the rebels. So also were a large number of our wounded men, both white and black. The enemy sent word in that they took no prisoners from the colored or white Kansas regiments.

On the 25th or 26th Major-Gen. Fagin sent in a flag of truce, suggesting that we send out to bury our own niggers. A visit was made to the field of combat, and the mutilated remains of our gallant men were found. It was evident that many had been murdered after capture. The Iowa wounded were killed under the impression that they belonged to the Twelfth Kansas, which regiment is brigaded with the two colored regiments. The clothing was stripped from the dead, and in some instances it was evident that their persons had been outraged. One man (White) was scalped—others were horribly mutilated.

While these matters were progressing near Camden, the situation there of our army grew more precarious daily. Major-Gen. Fagin, a new rebel General from Texas, had crossed the Ouchaichita, and was with a cavalry force of 7,000 men between us and Little Rock, cutting off our communication and threatening the latter place. About the 25th a supply train returning from Camden to Pine Bluff, after having reached the latter place, was attacked at the Saline, thirty miles from the Bluff. The escort consisted of the Seventy-seventh Ohio, some Indiana cavalry and four guns of a Missouri battery. The train consisted of five hundred wagons. Some three hundred refugees, white and black, principally women and children, were with it. A short fight ensued. The Seventy-seventh Ohio surrendered, stacking their arms. This same regiment did this before, it will be remembered. The four guns were taken, as were the balance of the outfit. Marmaduke was in command of the rebels. *The refugees were murdered—women and children, black and white, being shot down indiscriminately.* Their bodies were left in the road and in the field, where they were afterward found by a force from Pine Bluff. Some put the number of the murdered as high as three hundred; none lower than one hundred. How much longer are these things to proceed unpunished? It is a significant fact that Gen. Steele no longer details the colored soldiers as guards for prisoners. They always report them as having been shot in attempting to escape.

On the 30th, Gen. Steele had a severe battle with the combined rebel forces. It is believed that Kirby Smith was in command of the latter. The fight lasted several hours, and Gen. Steele reported that he drove the enemy off the field. As, however, he felt himself compelled to proceed in haste across the river, and was not able to leave force sufficient to protect the parties bringing in the wounded, it is evident that he did nothing more than to cover his retreat successfully.

Here again report speaks highly of the magnificent fighting of the negro troops. The Second Kansas (colored), Col. Crawford, was placed in the hottest of the fight. It was the first time they were under fire. They lost seventy-two killed and wounded. I noticed among the wounded brought in to Pine Bluff that but one was shot higher than the breast or lower than the knees. Most of them will get well. This regiment charged twice with the bayonet, breaking and scattering the rebel lines, recapturing the four new guns taken from our train a few days before, and bringing off as a trophy a rebel battle-flag.

THE NEGROES AND THE CHIVALRY.

Not long ago, the Hampton Legion, composed of South Carolina troops, the flower of Southern chivalry, made a charge on the colored troops of Gen. Ferrero's command. The colored soldiers ran at the top of their speed, but it was after the chivalry. For these pinks to be whipped by the darkies is reversing the order of things which existed previous to the rebellion, and which that used-up movement was intended to restore.

NEGROES FROM BUTLER.

Sixteen stalwart negroes just in from Butler's lines, by way of Fortress Monroe, marched to the corral for fresh teams. They say they left Butler's front yesterday morning, the 24th. They had turned over their teams to new negroes. They have been within four miles of Petersburg. They are intelligent men, each and all. In reply to a remark that the enemy had been giving Butler some trouble, they said, "He's given de Rebs a deal more." Old Ben they pronounced to be a "hoss." They state positively that he took over six thousand prisoners night before last—on Monday night—as they phrased it, stealing a march on Beauregard. "Richmond's ours sure, dis time, Massa," said one of them. Why? "Cause Massa Ben and Massa Grant like two millstones, and Lee's 'tween 'em—ha-ha."—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

COLORED TROOPS REPULSING REBEL CAVALRY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

IN CAMP, BERMUDA HUNDRED, Va., May 26, 1864.

The chivalry of Fitzhugh Lee and his cavalry division was badly worsted in the contest last Tuesday with negro troops, composing the garrison at Wilson's Landing. Chivalry made a gallant fight, however. The battle began at 12½ p.m. and ended at 6 o'clock, when Chivalry retired disgusted and defeated. Lee's men dismounted far in the rear and fought as infantry. They drove in the pickets and skirmishers to the intrenchments, and several times made valiant charges upon our works. To make an assault it was necessary to come across an "open" in front of our position up to the very edge of a deep and impassable ravine. The rebels, with deafening yells, made furious onsets, but the negroes did not flinch, and the mad assailants turned to cover with shrunken ranks, discomfited. The rebel fighting was very wicked. It showed that Lee's heart was bent on taking the negroes at any cost. Assaults on the centre having failed, the rebels tried first the left and then the right flank, with no greater success. When the battle was over our loss footed up one man killed outright, twenty wounded and two missing. Nineteen rebels were prisoners in our hands. Lee's losses must have been very heavy. The proof thereof was left on the ground—25 rebel bodies lay in the woods unburied, and pools of blood unmistakably told of other victims taken away. The estimate, from all the evidence carefully considered, puts the enemy's casualties at 200. Among the corpses Lee left on the field was that of Major Breckinridge, of the Second Virginia Cavalry.

There is no hesitation here in acknowledging the soldierly qualities which the colored men engaged in this fight have exhibited. Even the officers who have hitherto felt no confidence in them are compelled to express themselves mistaken. Gen. Wild, commanding the post, says that the troops stood up to their work like veterans.

I saw yesterday a copy of the note which Lee sent to Wild before the fight, demanding the surrender of the garrison. It was very deceptively worded, but Wild saw through it at once. Instead of saying that the garrison, in case of surrender without fighting, *should be* treated as prisoners of war, Lee said that they should be handed over to the authorities of Richmond *as prisoners of war*. That "as" is a neat little subterfuge. It is looked upon as the loop-hole out of which the aforesaid Richmond authorities would have crawled if Wild had been foolish enough to have accepted the proposition.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. BUTLER, May 25, 1864.

Gen. Wild is in command at Wilson's Wharf, on the north side of the James. He has a garrison, all negroes, with artillery belonging to the colored battery raised by Gen. Butler. Wilson's Wharf implies more than the name suggests. The wharf is one thing; the adjacent country quite another. The bluff rises somewhat abruptly, and then there is level land. Hereon our line was established, about a mile and a half in length, and thanks to the never-tiring energy of colored soldiers, had been well fortified.

Yesterday about noon, Fitzhugh Lee, now Major-General and commanding the cavalry of the Confederate army, vice Stewart, killed by Sheridan's men, appeared before the place with thousands—how many I dare not say, as their losses in the recent battles have never met my eyes—of the Southern chivalry. With the courtesy of a Fitzhugh, the characteristics of a gentleman, and the arrogance of the Southern planter, F. H. L., Major-General, sent into our lines and demanded a surrender, promising that in case his request or demand was complied with, the garrison should be sent to the authorities at Richmond as prisoners of war, but if refused he would not be answerable for the result. Chivalrous gentleman! shrewd financier of lives! Did you not know that the "authorities at Richmond" had by public manifesto refused to recognize negroes as prisoners of war? Was it not plain to your intelligent mind that under this refusal these negroes could be again placed in bondage by those authorities, provided they should by special interposition of divine Providence escape butchery at the hands of your gentlemen comrades?

Gen. Wild replied, "We will try *that*." And the fight commenced. At first, it raged fiercely on the left. The woods were riddled with bullets. The dead and wounded of the rebels were taken away from this part of the field, but I am informed by one accustomed to judge, and who went over the field to-day, that from the pools of blood and other evidences, the loss have been severe. Finding that the left could not be broken, Fitzhugh hurled his chivalry—dismounted, of course—upon the right. Steadily they came on, through obstructions, through slashing, past abattis, without wavering. Here *one* of the advantages of negro troops was made apparent. They obeyed orders, and bided their time. When well tangled in the abattis, the death warrant "Fire" went forth. Southern chivalry quailed before Northern balls, though fired by negro hands. Volley after volley was rained upon the superior by the inferior race, and the chivalry broke and tried to run. The fight lasted till about 5 o'clock, when hostilities ceased. Gen. Wild directed the operations in person, and made preparations to renew the fight, but during the night the chivalry imitated the Orientals, as told in song, and

"Folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently stole away."

Gen. Wild is an *enthusiast* on the subject of colored troops. He firmly believes that a white man, in course of time and by strict discipline, can be made as good a soldier. He has the most implicit confidence in his troops, and so have they in him. Gen. Hinks, who commands the colored division, took it by preference. There are those who affect to despise negro troops, and say they cannot be *trusted* in positions of responsibility, or in case of an emergency. Talking with a Regular Army officer, who entertains many of these prejudices, he admitted that with good officers the negroes would make good soldiers. An old adage, and true of any men of any color. But, now comes the query, Why are not these troops well officered? Silas Casey, Major-General, and one of the most thorough and best disciplinarians in the service, has presided over a Board of talented officers in Washington, for the sole purpose of selecting good, yes, the best, officers for these troops, that the experiment might be fairly tried.

It is a notorious fact that officers passed by Gen. Casey's Board are to-day *begging* appointments, while charlatans and somebody's political friends hold positions for which they are entirely unfitted, and in which they disgrace the service and themselves, and increase prejudices which ought never to have existed, and which, under other commands, would have been done away with.

SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION BY COLORED TROOPS.

From The Point Lookout (Md.) Gazette.

On last Wednesday night, May 11th, an expedition left Point Lookout on the steamer Star, consisting of three hundred infantry of the Thirty-sixth United States Colored Volunteers, with a small detachment of cavalry, all under command of Col. Draper, Thirty-sixth United States Colored Troops, commanding the post. The expedition was accompanied by the gunboats Fuschia, Yankee, Currituck, and Jacob Bell, under command of Commander Hooker, United States Navy. The expedition started down the bay and passed up the Rappahannock River and landed at the mouth of Mills's Creek, and on the farm of R. C. Garland, a notorious rebel. One hundred mariners were immediately landed under charge of Capt. Street, U. S. N., who took possession of the beach for half a mile up and down the river. The troops and horses were all landed safely, and an advance guard under Capt. Fry, Thirty-sixth United States Volunteers, took possession of Garfield's house and captured the proprietor. In the meantime the colored troops had searched the shore and found the lines of three large torpedoes, which were taken from the river and placed on board the Currituck. One of them exploded, but without doing any damage. The forces then started forward on the road to Fishing Bay, securing all the stock on the main road. About noon, one party, under charge of Capt. Street, deployed to the left, and took a straight road to Fishing Bay, while the main party, with the howitzer (8 pounder) and two hundred men, took a circuitous route. The party under Capt. Street crossed by the extensive mills of Messrs. Bennet, Stiff & Co., and burnt it, together with what grain was in the mills, amounting to about one hundred bushels. The parties united at the farm of the notorious R. C. Taylor, now an officer in the rebel army. At this place a vigilant search was made for arms and torpedoes, with the following result: Several pistols and sabres were found in the house, while in the woods adjoining were found five torpedoes ready to put in the water, together with 450 pounds of powder, ropes, lines, beeswax, tallow, cans, etc., enough to manufacture fifteen or twenty more. They were all taken on board the wagons, and we again started. Soon the advanced cavalry returned and reported several of the enemy's cavalry in front; skirmishers were now deployed to the right and left, from bay to river, a distance of three miles, and all moved forward, and soon had the whole party of rebels surrounded, who now commenced to fire on our men and made a dash to escape, and in the attempt we killed five rebels and captured four more, two of whom were slightly wounded. Among those captured were Sergt. Nann, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, and Acting Master B. G. Burley, C. S. N.; and among the killed was Capt Maxwell, C. S. N., who made himself somewhat notorious, some weeks ago, in capturing the steamtug Titan. He was shot in the water attempting to swim the Plankitank River. On our side we had one colored soldier killed and three wounded, one slightly and two severely.

Special Notices.

The Friends of Progress will hold their Annual Meeting at Milton, on the Hudson, on First day, the 12th of June. Their friends and the public generally are invited to attend.

R. T. Hallock and others are expected to speak.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—The "Normal Institute for Physical Education," incorporated in 1860, and under the management of Dr. Dio Lewis, will open its Seventh Session on the fifth of July next, 1864.

The demand for teachers of the New Gymnastics has become such, that the last two classes of Graduates, consisting of about ninety ladies and gentlemen, were at once engaged, and hundreds more might find profitable employment.

Well-known medical men assist in preparing the pupils to act as guides in Physical Culture.

In the department of Gymnastics, Dr. Lewis personally trains every candidate for the New Profession.

If any reader would know more of this pioneer institution in a new and noble profession, let him or her send for a full circular to Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston.

"To Dr. Dio Lewis, more than to any other man, is the country indebted for the present deep, *practical* interest in physical culture. He has done a noble work."—*Mass. Teacher.*

"We look upon Dr. Lewis as one of the benefactors of his race."—*Grace Greenwood.*

"Success to Dr. Lewis's Gymnasium. No better Institution exists."—*Knickerbocker.*

"Dr. Lewis's book is the most practical, sensible work on this subject, extant in any language."—*Continental Monthly.*

"Dr. Lewis has given us far the best and most practical of all publications on the subject of Physical Culture."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Miscellaneous Department.

THEODORA.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

By that name you will not know her,
But if by my words I show her
Unto you as perfectly
As she always seems to me;
If, attending, you shall find
The fair picture in my mind,
This will seem her title meetest,
Gift of God, the best and sweetest.

With each impulse so enacted
That she makes the heart distracted;
Witching, as a sprite may grow,
Just a lover's playfellow:—
Coral, half-concealing pearls,
In between dark rows of curls,
And her speech, dropt soft and slowly,
Seems half ravishing, half holy.

For a very saint, too human,
Yet too saintly for a woman;
The child's sweetness in her face
Blended with maturer grace;
One, though always pure and good,
Perfected by motherhood;—
Eyes, madonna-like, love-laden,
Holier than befits a maiden.

Simple in her faith unshrinking,
Wise as sages in her thinking;
Showing in her artless speech
All she of herself can teach;
Hiding love and thought profound
In such depths as none may sound;
One half known, half comprehended,
Yet with wondrous mystery blended.

Sitting meekly and serenely,
Sitting in a state most queenly;
Knowing, though dethroned, discrowned,
That her kingdom shall be found;
That her Father's child must be
Heir of immortality;
This is yet her highest merit,
That she ruleth her own spirit.

Thou to whom is given this treasure,
Guard it, love it without measure;
If forgotten it should lie
In a weak hand carelessly,
Thou mayest wake to miss and weep
That which thou hadst failed to keep—
Crying, when the gift is taken,
"I am desolate, forsaken!"

—*Independent.*

LLEWELLYN PARK.

We have been visiting a piece of large-patterned workmanship, reminding us of the project of the ancient architect to carve Mount Athos into a statue of a king, holding a city in his right hand, and a basin of rivers in his left: we refer to the unique, beautiful, and romantic Llewellyn Park, at Orange, New Jersey—once a rough, shaggy mountain-side, now transformed into an enchanted ground, or fairy land.

Nine or ten years ago, Mr. Llewellyn S. Haskell—whose business was that of a New York merchant, and whose pastime that of an architect in landscapes—bought a wild tract of mountainous land, about as large as Central Park, or as large as that portion of New York which lies below Canal street; covered with thick woods, and tenanted by robin red-breasts and gray squirrels; puzzling the neighbors by the apparent unreasonableness of such a purchase, inasmuch as everybody asked Bulwer's question, "What will he do with it?" But this tract of land consisted of a series of natural terraces, ascending by easy gradations, from the level of the village roads below, up to a summit seven hundred feet high—affording from every terrace a beautiful and unobstructed view of a wide and varied landscape reaching into the distance—while, for a near view, the tract itself was threaded by mountain streams, pierced with picturesque ravines, rimmed and ribbed with rocks, monumented with venerable trees as old as the Pilgrim Fathers, and altogether diversified with a beautiful brokenness of scenery such as defies an adequate description—all rendered doubly attractive, not because of that poetic distance which lends enchantment to the view, but of that actual nearness which located this handsome spot within naked sight of our own Trinity spire, and within sixty minutes of the Merchants' Exchange.

It needed only the cunning handicraft of a true artist to develop this waste place into something so different from its former self that now we doubt whether the birds that used to fly over it, or to build nests among its green trees, any longer recognize it as the same old tangled and disheveled spot it was once.

Mr. Haskell struck upon a happy plan of laying out these five or six hundred acres into a park for elegant residences; reserving as the centre-piece of his design, a space of fifty acres of the primeval forest, undisturbed except by a little clearing away of undergrowths to make it passable for the feet of meditative strollers, or moss-hunters, or violet-gatherers; surrounding this perpetual reservation with eighty or ninety charming building sites, varying from two acres to ten in extent, all bordering upon this central common of original wilderness, all opening with free range into this charming haunt of lonesomeness and quietude. Moreover, every estate was designed to be an adjunct of every other, separated not by fences, but by skillful hedges or evergreen trees, thus avoiding the appearance of any middle walls of partition between neighbors; the whole park to be made picturesque by serpentining roads, unexpected ponds, artful water-falls, rustic bridges, seats, kiosks, and the like; offering, at every turn, some comfort or beauty to make the place loveable and memorable.

Accordingly, after several years of industrious work of axe and spade, of path-finding and bridge-building, of masonry and carpentry, the wilderness has been turned into Llewellyn Park—now the seat of about twenty-five completed Summer or Winter residences, with room remaining for about twice as many more: each estate being isolated from the next, yet each, by a happy partnership with every other, possessing the whole park in common, so that the fortunate purchaser of two or three acres becomes a virtual owner of the whole five hundred; a plan by which a poor man, for a few thousands of dollars, may buy a country-seat that challenges comparison with the Duke of Devonshire's. Nor is this communism, any more than the nearness of adjoining houses in a city street is communism. No individual privacy can be greater, no seclusion more guarded, than here on one of these romantic estates, which are all so sequestered that, sitting on the lawn of any one of them, such a man as Zimmerman, without any other interrupting sound than a bird's song among the leaves, or a horse's hoof on the road, might have enjoyed as fine a Solitude as that whereof he wrote a book.

Such being the general outline of Llewellyn Park, a nearer view of its details fulfils to the spectator the full promise of the ample design. Suppose, for instance, we are in New York, standing on the steps of the City Hall—that interesting historic spot from which his Excellency Gov. Seymour once so affectionately addressed his "friends." Northward, an hour's journey, is Central Park; westward, an hour's journey, is Llewellyn Park: for the crossing of Hoboken Ferry, and the riding of twelve miles by railroad to Orange, occupy just the same time as trundling in an omnibus up or down half the length of a big city. But, reaching Orange, where is Llewellyn Park? At first, it is apparently shut out of sight by a living wall of evergreens—as if its residents had thrown up an abattis against an insurrection of visitors from the town. The approach is a handsome avenue or *paseo*, a hundred feet wide and half a mile long, fashioned after the Spanish style, a carriage-way in the centre, a foot-walk on either side, and the whole shaded by four continuous parallels of trees. The entrance proper is through a spacious gateway, having a porter's lodge on one hand, and a lake, waterfall, and summer-house on the other—making, altogether, one of the most inviting pieces of mingled rural architecture and landscape gardening we have anywhere seen. Of several roads through the Park, all diverging from this entrance like the open fingers of a hand, we choose, for instance, the darkest and coolest, Glen avenue, leading gently up through a magnificent ravine which, of itself, would be worth a million of dollars in Central Park, if Mr. Haskell would agree to sell and deliver it to that rival concern. We go though a checkered gloom of great trees—the water-brooks babbling at our feet, and the shivering tree-tops overhead making a noise like a rain shower—until we emerge from the ravine into many devious roads that lead one pleasantly astray; then passing many strange, unfamiliar trees, which, on inquiry, are found to represent every quarter of the globe, as, for instance, the pine from the Himalayan mountains, and the more wondrous evergreen of California, that grows to three times the height of the tallest church-spire in America; passing great beds of flowers, planted on the plan of massing large quantities of one kind in one place, as the rebels mass their troops—thus, here a wide-spread glory of rhododendrons, there a bed of peonies, yonder a little garden of lilies of the valley, yonder still a regiment of azaleas, clad like many-colored zouaves; passing, still further, many ingenious specimens of artificial rock-work, festooned with flowering vines, and finding, in the wilder places, Nature's own profusion of wild columbines, with their red cups hanging down ard, as having spilled their wine back into the earth; passing, still, from ramble to ramble, through many ranges of scenery, saluted with a continuous welcome from many uncaged music-makers, every one singing each song twice over—

"Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture;"

passing meanwhile many delightful residences with romantic names—as for instance Mr. Fuller's, called Lakewood, Mr. Haskell's, called Castlewood, Mr. Hegeman's, called Arcadia—and other buildings in various styles of architecture, and other grounds in various styles of gardening—yonder on the right a queen's throne, where, every Spring, one of the maidens of the Park is crowned Queen of May, and yonder on the left a rustic cabin, called the Wigwam, weather-boarded with bark, and purpled over from ground to thatched roof with full-blooming wisterias, into whose honey-cups the bees were making burglary; passing, at last, all the houses and barns, kiosks and bridges, trees and flowers, accomplishing seven miles of drives, all within the compass of seven hundred acres, and entering into the uppermost road of all, as near to the sky as it will reach, until we hitch our horse on the mountain top, and stand on the precipitous edge of Eagle Rock. Then and there, what a prospect! Have you ever been on the top of Mount Holyoke? The view from Eagle Rock is finer. It is like seeing "the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them." The eye measures a strip of clear and distinct landscape, a hundred miles long and thirty wide, running north and south from the Highlands of the Hudson to the Highlands of Navesink—from Tarrytown to Sandy Hook—embracing all the towns, cities, villages, hills, forests, rivers, bays, and ocean between! This Rock is one of Hendrick Hudson's Palisades, looking as if brought down by him from its original place on the North River, and set upon the top of Orange Mountain for a whim. To stand upon the crest of it, looking down into the great, green depths below, and then looking up into the illimitable blue above, is to be at the midway point between heaven and earth, between life and death, where the serious soul dismisses for a while every other thought except the solemn reflection of the exchange of worlds.

We make these remarks of Llewellyn Park, not so much for praising a good thing already done, as for holding up a pattern for something like it that might be done elsewhere. It is a beautiful example which ought to find repetition in other quarters. Many towns and cities, both in New England and other parts of the country, have surroundings which, if not in all respects equal to the slope of Orange Mountain, might, by equal skill and public spirit, be so beautified as to stand as a marvel to all who should contrast their old aspects with their new. This drowsy, beetle-bug New Jersey town knew not what a treasure it possessed until a stranger came who had an eye to see what God had made and man neglected, and who, content to be a while thought crazy by less sane men, at last by long labor carved it into a comeliness which now wins all men's praises, and stands as a monument to the genius of a noble-minded gentleman whose name is fitly spoken with Andrew Jackson Downing's. Although Mount Athos was not touched, as the king thought the project too great to be attempted, Mount Orange now shows the sculptor's work well-nigh completed—making, if we may so say, a shrine of beauty at which that much-chided, long-erring *genius loci*, that muddy-footed evil spirit called New Jersey, is at last forgiven and restored to favor!—*Independent.*

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is such an excessive occupation of thousands during the week that it is almost an inhumanity to ask them to shut themselves up on Sunday. *You* do not perhaps know about it. There are men that go away from their families before their children are awake in the morning, and do not get back till they are asleep at night. I suppose there are laborers, accountants, mechanics, men working with machinery in subterranean places, or setting type in lofts, persons engaged in various grim industries, and occupying themselves in unwholesome nooks, who, if it were not for Sunday, would hardly know but that their children slept the year round. To them, Sundays is the greatest of all blessings; and when, after they have toiled through Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, the Lord's day comes, they say, "Thank God, it is Sunday, and to-day I need not go away from home, nor to work!" It is the only day of the seven that the workman has a right to wake up when he has a mind to. It is the only day of the seven that he has a right to hear his children chirping around the house. Oh, you do not know anything about Sunday—you that live in ceiled houses; you that have comfortable houses; you that can spend your evenings with your families; you that enjoy the privilege of visiting your neighbors! Put a man in an iron cage, and work him all the week, and then give him, Sunday, when there is rest for his bones and muscles, and when he is at liberty to stay at home with his wife and children, and say to him, "Now, you ought to go to Sunday-school in the morning, and into the church immediately afterward, and then you know there is the afternoon service, and there are some little visitations to be made in the evening," and he says, "Why should I, that am shut up all the week, and that have no time except Sunday, be shut up on that day too? I want one day at least to stretch myself, and feel that I have nothing to do?"

Do you say, "You ought not to justify such a course?" I say that I am not speaking of what is the ideal condition of men. I am not saying whether that man might find better rest in the house of God than elsewhere on Sunday. I say to you what perhaps I should not say to him—for you are inclined to take too severe a view of the case, and he is inclined to take too lax a view. I might say to him that it would be better for him to rest part of the day, and go to church the other part. But you that manage business so that by depriving the workman of all his time during the week, and by imposing excessive labor upon him, he is tempted, in spirit and heart and soul, to abstain from divine worship on Sunday—what have you to say about it?

If there is any class in the community that has a right to Sunday, it is the poor laboring man. And if we that are Christians are well off, we are not to pull up the harness till the buckle snaps; we are not to turn the screw, and, having screwed up all the week, to screw up on Sunday too. And that is the reason why, when a protest was circulated against the cars running on Sunday, I would not sign it. I have been glad ever since that I did not. "Well, why did you not sign it?" it is asked. In the first place, because I believe it is better for people to go to church where they want to than not to go to church at all. There are thousands of people living in the outskirts of the city who would not go to church if the cars did not run, because they would be unable to go where they want to; and I see no more sin in their riding in the cars than in your riding in your coach. And I said, "The car is the poor man's coach; and if he wants to go to church, I have no objection to his having the necessary conveniences." Then, in the next place, there are thousands of people of the very class that I have been speaking of, who certainly will not go to church if they are confined to the city, and who, if they have a chance, at a low price, will go out into the country and see their friends, or ramble in the open fields, and so spend a comparatively innocent day. If they are denied that chance, they not only will not go to church, but they will go into pot-houses, and there smoke and drink, and wallow in low social pleasure, while their wives and children are at home and uncared for. If you ask me, "Would it not be better that they should go to church?" If the choice was between their going to church and not going to church I should not hesitate a moment; but where the choice is between their going to the corner grog-shops in New York or Brooklyn and going with their wives and children into the country, I think the latter is a means of grace as compared with the former. I look at it as a practical question, and form my judgment according to the facts as they are. Since the cars have been running on Sunday, I have inquired of many and many a conductor concerning the deportment of these poor men who spend the day in the country; and the universal testimony which I have received has been that they are well-behaved, in the main, both when going out and coming in; that, as a general thing, they do not make it a day of intoxication, and that they almost invariably take their wives and children with them. And I say that, if a man will not go to church and hear God's saints on Sunday in the city, let him take his own little saints and go to church in the country. It is a great thing for a man to go church with his family, even if it is in the open fields.

These remarks will scarcely at all apply to country places. The people there have no need, and, therefore, no excuse, for such excursions. But there is a large population in our cities who might follow the Lord's disciples through the fields on Sunday, eating grain and rubbing it in their hands!

You may say, "What about the drivers and conductors on the cars?" Well, I am glad you have asked me that question. I am not aware of the arrangements of the railroad companies, and I speak with delicacy and reserve in respect to them; but I have a strong suspicion that there is an unwitting oppression of the men in their employ. I know that these men think that they work more hours for relatively less pay than other persons. And I submit whether, if they are to add Sunday to the other days of the week for the convenience of citizens, there should not be some arrangement made for securing alternate Sundays to them. I thank the Union Ferry Company. It gives Sundays to its workmen. It is arranged so that in rotation they have whole Sundays and half Sundays. They are thought of and cared for. And I hold that every man who employs men is bound to consider that man's Sundays, and to help them to avail themselves of the blessing which these days are designed to afford. How can he do by his neighbor as Christ commanded him to do, if he does not? We must make our Sundays humane. Otherwise we shall stumble on that very sin for which Christ set his face against the Pharisaic Sunday. The Jews had a Sunday, and they made it an inexorable task-master. And wherever Christ came in contact with the Jewish Sabbath, he struck the oppressive rigor, or the superstition with which it was kept. If we do not look out we shall use our Sunday as an instrument of inhumanity. For it is in the nature of things that men who are strong, and who have leisure and social comfort, are apt to be Sabbath observers, and to have but little charity for those who are poor and who have to gain their livelihood by hard work, and who are deprived of social comfort and leisure. They do not put themselves in their places and then do by them as they would wish to be done by.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I weave a tale—part old, part new;
The half, a fact—the rest, a dream;
Yet many dreams, I think, are true,
However strange they seem.

So quiet was the summer day
That one could hear the far-off bees,
Till sudden winds from fields of hay
Blew whistling to the seas.

A fisher drew his skiff to land,
Half up above the water's reach,
And left it grinding in the sand,
To strand upon the beach.

Along the shelving water-edge
His little son played up and down,
And gathered stately spears of sedge,
To braid them for a crown.

But when he spied the rocking craft,
He climbed aboard with childish glee,
And, shouting to the breezes, laughed,
And wished himself at sea.

The skiff, amid the splash and roar,
Was like a warning finger laid
Across the lips of sea and shore
To hush the noise they made.

A double wave, with sudden swell,
Ran up the beach with foam and spray,
And dashed so high that when it fell
It launched the craft away!

The fisher's cherry-trees grew green
Between his cottage and the tide;
And sadder sight was never seen
Than out they branched to hide.

On curling waves, the drifting hull
Was wafted past the harbor-light,
And seaward like a flying gull
It dwindled out of sight.

At sunset, searching for the child,
The fisher called and called his name,
But though his cry was loud and wild,
No voice in answer came.

Whereat, as with a giant's hand,
And stung with woe, he seized a boat,
And dragged it down the griping sand,
And through the surf afloat.

His oars gave groans for thrice a league,
And down his brawny beard ran sweat,
But not a sinew felt fatigue,
And hope inspired him yet;

Until his strength was overspent;
Then over on his panting breast
His hot, bewildered head he bent,
And, swooning, dropped to rest;

And dreamed that through a yawning wave
The child, with sea-grass on his head,
Made entrance to a spacious grave,
And wandered with the dead;

Whence, rising to a beauteous land,
The mortal child stood crowned divine;
To whom the fisher waved his hand,
And sought an answering sign.

Then, waking with a sudden start,
And shuddering in the chilly dew,
He knew, by token in his heart,
The vision must be true.

And when in grief he home returned,
And sat aweary in his chair,
And low and dim the hearth-fire burned,
He saw an angel there!

O pleasantest of pleasant things!
That angels dwell in homes on earth,
Where silently, with folded wings,
They tarry by the hearth!

—*Independent.*

QUAKER MEETING.

BY P. THORNE.

The room was high, square and unpainted, furnished with wooden benches. This was all, except a stove which might have come over in that capacious vessel, the Mayflower, had such inventions of the enemy been known to our forefathers. Those benches I never, never shall forget; I can truly say they impressed me deeply. Made of the hardest of all hard wood, without even one mitigating coat of paint, so narrow and slippery that one could not slide forward into the graceful posture usually assumed by church-goers, but must perforce strain every nerve to sit bolt upright and keep on the seat, with a little slat for back contrived to rasp the shoulder blades to the last degree of human endurance, they were evidently designed to mortify the flesh and promote meditation. The room had that dreary, old-fashioned sort of a smell peculiar to rooms kept closed most of the time. Not one visible speck of dirt contaminated the floor; not a fly broke the profound silence by his buzzing. My first feeling, somewhat increased perhaps by the dismal howling of a March wind, was one of home-sickness.

Gradually, by twos and threes, the Friends began to drop in; no, nothing so violent as to drop, but to glide in, ghostlike and noiselessly. As the odd figures in all shades of drab and grey moved quietly past, sank silently on the seat, and sat there motionless, I felt constrained to pinch myself to ascertain if I were still in this world. "Are these real, live women, endowed with hearts, headaches, nerves and 'feelings' like the rest of us? If so, why don't they settle their bonnet strings, adjust the folds of their dress, smooth their hair, tighten their gloves, loosen their shawls, fan themselves, cast an occasional glance at the broadbrim side of the house, and, in short, conduct themselves like ordinary femininity, instead of sitting in that rigid, statue-like manner, with their 'eyes looking right on, and eyelids straight before them?' No, they are ghosts, dim phantoms from the twilight land of shadows, who will vanish into thin air at the first crow of chanticleer." Thus communed I with my own spirit.

One thing, however, convinced me I was still in the land of the actual. On the masculine side of the house, I noticed several young gentlemen whose moustaches and general attire indicated them most decidedly of the world's people. These gay deceivers sat with their hats on, preserving a solemnity of countenance fairly out-Heroding Herod, making even the broadest of the broadbrims seem a light and trivial fellow in comparison. This phenomenon was easily accounted for by the presence of several lovely and wealthy young Quakeresses. Quaker papas being proverbially hard-hearted towards young men of the world, the motives of these wolves in sheep's clothing may be easily divined. The only excuse for such barefaced hypocrisy was the fact of the aggravating prettiness of the Quakeresses in question. They could not have devised a more becoming dress had they been the most arrant coquettes. Fancy a soft brown silk expanded by a hoop of modest dimensions, above this a black cloak nicely fitted to the graceful form, still above this a cottage hat of shirred silk of the same soft, rich brown, out of which looks a fresh, girlish face, with innocent brown eyes to match the dress—and then deliberate ere you cast the first stone at our erring Friends.

For a while, the very novelty of the scene kept me from weariness. Besides, I was every moment expecting the spirit to move. Did a brother utter a subdued "He-em!" I instantly expected to see him rise and speak. Did a sister meekly wipe the nasal organ? (I observe *noses* are becoming obsolete) I thought to hear strains of eloquence from her. But as time wore on, and the deathly silence was still unbroken, dread sensations began to overwhelm me. I tried to fancy myself a Quaker, to view their method of worship from their own stand-point, to meditate on profitable subjects, but in vain. I fear the adversary that day made me his victim. Though the peculiar nature of the seats had begun to manifest itself by a cramp in my side, an ache in my back, and a numbness in my limbs, yet I dared not ease my agonies by varying my posture. So profound was the silence that the slightest noise would have had the effect of a clap of thunder. The only relief I found was in swallowing incessantly, but soon I began to fancy that this made a sepulchral rattling, distinctly audible throughout the room. Then came reactionary impulses. Wild thoughts shot through my mind. As a person looking down from a great height sometimes feels an almost irresistible desire, from the very horror of the thing, to throw himself over, so I felt a sudden desire to rise, throw my bonnet at the head of the presiding elder, and give vent to my feelings in a scream. The more I struggled against this wicked impulse, the more fascinating did it become. I wondered what punishment would be considered worthy such a crime, and whether the astonished roof would fall on my sacrilegious head. Happily I was spared the solution of these doubts. The presiding elder (if that be his title; at least the man with the broadest-brimmed hat and most geometrical coat-tails) gave his right hand to the very plain-looking sister at his side, and, lo, the spell was dissolved, and meeting was over without a word. Dreamily I sauntered forth. Years seemed to have elapsed since last I saw the outer world. People in the streets looked strangely to me, the sound of a human voice was startling, and as for smiling, I did not venture upon that till many blocks lay between me and that enchanted ground, the Quaker meeting-house.—*Springfield Republican.*

PREJUDICE AT OBERLIN COLLEGE!

If there was one place, amid all the educational establishments of the country, where freedom from prejudice towards the colored man was expected, that place was Oberlin College, in Ohio. Its name has been regarded at the East as the synonym of cordiality and good will to the black race. But facts have recently come to our knowledge, well authenticated, which should be generally known—for in no other way can such injustice ever become extinct.

A smart colored lad of Boston, after serving creditably as clerk in one of the first jewelry establishments of the city, became desirous of further mental improvement. Friends assisting, he went to Oberlin. Here he bent himself vigorously to his tasks, and reached enviable distinction. The class which he is in, according to the custom of classes entering college, have an exhibition just before they enter the classic halls. Contrary to the manner of Eastern Colleges, the rule has been at Oberlin that the best speaker takes the Valedictory (first honor), and the next best the Salutatory (second honor). During the junior preparatory year, and last Fall in the senior preparatory year, this young man was the most prominent candidate for the first honor. While he was absent during the Winter, some of his classmates became envious of his popularity and took measures to defeat him. On his return, it was noticed he was not received so cordially by some of them as before. The reason was obvious, as he had done nothing to merit their coldness. They had been visiting members of the class, and asking them if they were "going to vote for a nigger" for Valedictorian. By dint of hard lying and prejudice—most potent god in America!—they secured a majority of the class. This electioneering was entirely contrary to the rules of the institution, and although the victim could have objected to an election on that ground, he did not, knowing his motives would be misjudged. The election took place three weeks ago, and resulted in the choice of his opponent by two majority in a class of twenty-eight.

As his contemners succeeded so well in defeating him for this honor, they thought they would do the same for the next; but here, unexpectedly, his good fortune overcame prejudice, some of the lukewarm of the opposition changing their votes, by which the young man was elected Salutatorian. His opponents were so chagrined at this that they swore "like our army in Flanders," and have been since trying to obtain a new election on the ground that one of their men was absent, and another, who left his vote, says it was not counted. The Principal heard their complaint, and before giving a decision, called on the young colored student "to talk the matter over." He complimented him on his course since he had been there, telling him that had the election been left to him, he (the student) should have had the first honor because he merited it; that he was not aware until the day of the election how high the feeling was for and against him; and that when he appeared on the stage at Commencement, he doubted not the audience would know why he did not receive the first honor. His conscience told him, he said, that he ought to consider the wish of the gentleman who had left his ballot; that if that, and two others' votes were counted, the party opposed to him would be ahead, but if the votes of two other members who were away were allowed, and who were in favor of him, there would be a tie. This state of affairs, he said, might make a division in the class. So he had decided to reconcile matters *by having no Salutatorian!* This would throw him out of an honor, it was true, but it would also prevent them from getting it; and thus both sides being disappointed, it might restore good feeling.

The proscribed young man properly responded that he had done nothing to provoke hostility, and that the Principal knew as well as himself that the opposition proceeded from prejudice; that he had been duly elected by a majority of the members of the class present, and had been declared Salutatorian by him; that he should not consent to give up one jot to the disaffected members for the sake of amicable feeling, as they ought to abide by the decision of the class, and that if he decided the case as he contemplated, he would do it without his sanction. A few days after, in Rhetorical class, the Principal announced his determination. At this point, one of the most determined against the student rose, and seeing there was no hope of getting their man in, moved that the young man retain the honor. This would have been carried, had he not prevented it by most emphatically declining such doubtful favors. Twelve speakers are elected, and from that number the honored are selected. Our proscribed young friend was one of those elected, and so will have a chance to show in the Oberlin church, next August, *why* he did not have justice. From what we hear, it will be done creditably.

So much for *Oberlin!* When we think of the prejudice that meets the black man everywhere, and add this instance, at such a Seminary, we must feel there is need of more discipline yet for the American people. If such as we have described are the educated white young men who are to guide, in the future, the affairs of State and deal out justice to the millions of America, God help the country and preserve the negro.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

COMING OUT OF SLAVERY.

The long trains that frequently rolled into Eastport, while I was stationed there, were not wholly under the escort of our soldiers. This place on the Tennessee river was the base of supplies for the army at Iuka and Tuscumbia, and the shipping point for that region of cotton, by steamers, to the North. All the trains must be guarded as they moved through the "enemy's country," but usually the cotton-train had an escort of cavalry—necessary to the success of the expedition—but always came back with recruited numbers.

It was a sight to see, rather than to read of—those forty, fifty, an hundred or more wagons, rumbling along towards the landing over the excellent road that winds along the base of those high hills, just back from the river. Nearly a mile of this road is in view from the landing, and on those wagons loaded with cotton were hundreds of negroes, men, women, and children; garnishing the train were *led* horses and mules, loaded with bundles of "traps," the personal property of the negroes; dangling from the loads were chickens, turkeys, geese, anything and everything that a "foraging party," or slaves made free by "*Massa Lincum*," could steal or "tote" away.

To-day, a train as above would come in, unload, then out, and in two or three days return again. It was amusing to watch the chattering and eagerness, and capers, and antics of the first arrived, as they ran to meet the incoming train, to see and know "Who'se done gone cum *dis* time." "Thar! if dar aint 'Wash' and 'old Suze.'" "Yah! yah! if dey haint done gone an fotched daise whole batch of young 'uns." "Bress my sole, if dar aint 'Kurnel Sim's whole plantation!"—"won't he cuss tho!" "If see-cesh aint loss a heap dis time, den dis chile am a nigger!" etc., etc. Babel let loose, but laughably intelligible to any listener.

Then to see them run from one wagon to another, hunting up acquaintances; shaking hands with this one, hugging and kissing that one; a burst of laughter, a joyous full-mouthed "yaw-haw" now, and next a scornful malediction, as they look farther, and see one they dislike. "Wish de '*brack nigger*' was whar he ought to be: don't 'long to dis crowd—him aint noffin but 'trash.'" "If 'Nited States don't git sick ob dat piece ob prop'ty!" "Ole massa done gone try and gib him 'way—could'nt git shut ob him, no how! Neber find fool 'nuff to take 'm!" "Reckon de 'Yanks' got *stuck* dis ebe-nin—he's jus a 'sgrace to de cullered folks; he is, shuah!"

It amused me much to see the little negroes, boys and girls, all sizes, in all sorts of ragged or patched clothing, generally, with merely an apology for a garment attached to them by a wriggle and a twist: grinning, laughing, kicking, greasy, shiney, and happy. "We're goin Norfe!" "An we is, too!" are the call and answer, as these broods intermingle with the broods of little black pigs belonging to the moving multitude, each alike full of life and reckless fun, the negroes gaining ascendancy, inasmuch as the laugh and the talk are a part of their sport—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

Parchment being sometimes very scarce, the copyists of the middle ages adopted the plan of taking old manuscripts of that material, scratching out their contents, and penning them over again with some more recent production. These were called palimpsests; and very frequently the recent writing was some fabulous story or a detail of the miracles of some pious saint, for the conveyance of which worthless trash to posterity valuable works had been erased. Numbers of these may be found in the National Library of France and in the Vatican; in many instances the new writing has totally effaced the old, but sometimes the original has resisted all the efforts of washing or erasing; and in this way have been recovered invaluable manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures and classic literature. This practice was so common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that if the books of that age are examined, there will be found as many written on erased as on new parchment.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

Only a baby's grave!
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead;
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

—*Good Words.*

INCIDENTS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Alexandria, La., April 9, 1864.

Nearly every negro tells me stories like this:

I said to the girl who now cooks and washes for me—

"Anne, would you rather stay here with your own family and friends, or go North with me among strange people?"

"I would rather serve three white misses in the North than one Southern missus."

"Why so—are they hard on you here—are the *ladies* hard?"

"Believe it, dey is."

"Do they ever whip their own people themselves?"

"Indeed they do."

"What have you seen and known in your own family?"

"I tell you. Our house boy Webster broke one of the china dishes, and he knew the missus would be angry, so he hid it away under the house; but when the ladies missed it, they told the people if they did not find out who did it they would all be punished; and two of the other men found out Webster and told on him, and George was frightened and run away."

"And what then?"

"They caught him and brought him back, and Mistress Bailey was sick in bed, so she told her daughter Miss Betty she must whip him, and she had him stripped naked, and she put her foot on his head, and she made two colored men whip him."

"Did you see this yourself?"

"Yes—we all did—and she had a rope round his neck and when he beg for mercy, she pulled it tight, so she choke him and his tongue stick out."

"And did Miss Betty stand by and see all this?"

"She tell 'em, she make 'em do it—she begin after breakfast, and keep it up till two o'clock."

"What became of Webster?"

"She whip him to death—he never got over it. He lay in a sheet, and when Master Bailey hear you folks was coming he start us all off for Texas, and we got up to the pine woods at Coteli, and there we staid awhile, and master came back and send up Webster's mother. He died there two weeks after he was whipped, and the Union cavalry men help bury him."

If Mistress Betty Pickett wishes to explain this little transaction, your columns will be open to her, I am sure, and I trust she will use them, and soon. I hope these stories are lies—are they?

THE RIGHT END OF THE SKEIN.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Mrs. Morris had passed a delightful Sabbath. It had closed a week every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the Church to which she belonged, and each day, by its prayers, its sermons and hymns, had lifted her as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serener height of religious enjoyment. Seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week as from some serene height the traveller looks over an evening landscape. Never had she seemed to herself to have risen to calmer regions of the spiritual life. The world of common interests and petty cares; all that ever distracted or wearied her, seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry. The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the yearning of bereavement was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. "Yes," she said to herself, in a sort of inward rapture, "at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God's will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost."

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, pressed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene spiritual regions of tranquil thought to the coarse common-place life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensitive nerves, quick to feel the jar and shock of aught that was jarring. Ah, she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore, if the worship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual, if I could be in some serene, calm retreat where selected souls worship perpetually, surely, I might almost live without sin forever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, worldly Monday—most Martha-like of all days of the week; and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for breakfast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, "Cook says she is not going to get the breakfasts washing days, any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves."

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpracticed hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn't her place to get it, and in general the week was ushered in in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around; the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was after awhile smoothed over and arranged, but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be met in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Martha Brightbody, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the Church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris—and as is very apt to be the case with these excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody's vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Morris," she said, "Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn't shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? She said you gave too much a yard by three cents. I stood up for you. For my part I think Mrs. Brown always wants to have the lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn't do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put 'em in mind how you'd been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to 'em, I can tell you"; and then came another half hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two nettle strokes to inflame in her listener's heart.

"Why should I mind it?" she said to herself a dozen times that day; but she *did* mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs. Morris. Her cook was in one of those surly periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't be allowed their ill-humor sometimes, as well as their betters; at all events, Mrs. Morris's head woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well meaning, but blundering, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant cut glass dish, which had come down as an heir loom to Mrs. Morris, from her mother's family. Had it been the death of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel, but as it was only her best glass dish, she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry, accordingly. In short so many mischances happened that luckless week, that when Sunday came again she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and the last.

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old Aunt Martha, who had come to spend the day with her. "I really think if I had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and hymns, I might endure; but each week's cares seem to wash out what Sunday does."

"Daughter!" said Aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the *right end of the skein*. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me, then, what is the right end?"

"The right way is to call your crosses and your cares your means of grace. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when you take them in that way. Your means of grace, this week, have been your servants' ill-tempers; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's heedlessness; the little unjust, provoking things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said Aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things you have been telling me?"

"These things! O, no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to Him."

"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do that, they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look at them as the daily tasks He sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning, and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day, if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end. Good friend, if your life skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

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